THE NEW REPUBLIC

SPRING BOOK REVIEW

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Beginning on Berlin

★ For about a month State Department reporters knew something was stirring on Berlin. Berlin "tension is easing," officials said. This was emphasized at off-the-record briefings. The Russians suddenly stopped dropping metal chaff in airlanes. Something was up.

Then last Friday from Bonn came a leak of a new US offer to Moscow; an offer taking cognizance of, though not actually recognizing, East Germany. The leak presumably came from within the Adenauer government by somebody trying to kill the proposal.

Reactions were instant – London enthusiastic; Bonn gloomy; Paris suspicious, Moscow enigmatic. Republicans eagerly waited a chance to charge Kennedy with softness toward Communism. It was premature to judge merits – but there the situation was. Arms agreement won't come before a Berlin settlement. Like it or not, East Germany (like Red China) exists and must be dealt with sooner or later. What comes now may strain the Alliance. With Algiers quieter de Gaulle will be free to throw his weight around. But the beginning had to come, and US initiative seems something to welcome heartily.

Passion and Power

★ At one point in Kennedy's angry steel press conference his right hand seemed to take off by itself. While Kennedy maintained his grim air of control his unguarded right hand for a second or two tapped the podium furiously. Kennedy was showing for the first time in two years what everybody had hoped, that he is a man of passion and power underneath and that he can utilize the full forces of the presidency. For the first time he threw every bit of popularity and prestige into a fight, and won dramatically.

A good many fluttering souls are now telling Kennedy what to do. The steel double-cross was so arrogant and inflationary that they couldn't support Blough. But they don't like Kennedy much either. So they are giving him good advice. Above all, he mustn't be "vindictive." All right, he shouldn't be vindictive. Kennedy should just remember that big steel companies that kept the price down under Eisenhower and Nixon tried to raise them under him, after he got them the most favorable wage agreement since the war; that all during the recent negotiations they tacitly accepted the thesis that there would be no price rise only to spring it after labor signed up; and that when Roger Blough of US Steel called at the White House to tell Kennedy that he was going to boost prices he had already sent the advance announcement to the newspapers. By all means let's not be vindictive. And let's not forget, either.

Our impression is that Kennedy has leaned over backwards to avoid being called "anti-business." The Administration has embarrassed its friends by its sensitivity. An Administration that protects the public interest can no more escape this epithet than it can escape being called "socialist" by the AMA. If Kennedy has learned from the episode he has a new sense of power over the way he can take his case to the public, particularly when his tightly controlled reserve cracks.

Five Percent and Forty

★ If the personal income of the nation were divided into five equal parts, like the cars in a train, the passengers inside the cars would make a strange contrast. Back in the comfortable observation Pullman at the rear would loll just five people, for the top 5 percent of the families get 20 percent of America's total personal income. The next car of the five would have more people, the next still more though there would still be seats for all, the fourth would be uncomfortable and the fifth would be jammed and filthy, with standees in the aisle. The five cars would all be pulled by the same engine, bound for the same destination and ministered to by the same impassive conductor (who might meditate, perhaps, about the extraordinary contrast) but there would be dainty chicken sandwiches with watercress in the Pullman behind, and noise and wretchedness and dirty drinking water in the crowded fifth car in front. It is a good statistic to remember perhaps: 5 percent of Americans still get 20 percent of the income at the top, while 40 percent divide the final 20 percent at the bottom.

These reflections are aroused by an excellent new pamphlet from Leon Keyserling's Conference on Economic Progress, "Poverty & Deprivation in the United States" (97 pp, 50 cents, address, 1001 Connecticut Avenue, Washington). The shocking thing is that since 1953 with three recessions income distribution has actually worsened. In our torpid economy there are more people crowded into that filthy car which represents deprivation.

"Pressure of Demand"

★ What has caused this to happen? A mildly worded report just issued by the economists of the 20-nation Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris deals specifically with the American situation. America's economy lagged while Europe's shot ahead for one reason – because fast growth requires "pressure of demand."

"There is little doubt," they observe, "that a higher pressure of demand in the United States, in the second half of the nineteen fifties, could have resulted in a significantly faster rate of growth."

And how do you get this pressure of demand? Well, it "is within the control of governments, at least in the larger countries." Government can stimulate it by faster spending, by lower taxes and by easier credits. Pump-priming, if you want to use a naughty word.

We hope the GOP will pull itself together soon; it has been acting a little silly. There is the "Ev-Charlie" show, the comparisons by National Chairman Miller of Kennedy to Hitler, and last week the GOP "talkathon" that kept the House in session half the night. Now they are trying to turn a dull book of essays called "The Liberal Papers," with a preface by Rep. James Roosevelt, into a creepy-crawly campaign issue. Tut-tut.

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The Fear of Cheaters

By April 25 the US is scheduled to recommence the testing of nuclear weapons over the Pacific Ocean. A new Soviet series is also said to be imminent. By rejecting even the minimal procedures for international inspection sought in US test ban proposals at Geneva, the Soviet Union had given the President provocation for his decision to go ahead at Christmas Island; but it does not necessarily follow that the US should have permitted itself to be provoked, or that the US rather than the Russian military has the most to gain from the new round of testing. The nagging question is why the Russians were so very anxious to avoid a test ban. As Max Frankel has reported in *The New York Times*, the answer now prevailing in Washington is that "Moscow wants the West to test so that it may have a convenient pretext for going on with experiments [of its own] . . . that would finally put the Russians technologically ahead."

Three weeks ago, we noted that in refusing to sign a test treaty without international inspection, our government appeared to be doing precisely what the Russians wanted, and suggested that the security advantages of "international" over "national" inspection had been exaggerated. We are prepared to go farther: Reliance on our own national inspection system might offer more security than reliance on an international system, if only because, having accepted an international inspection system, we would be constrained from acting on data obtained by our own intelligence operations. This contention flies so directly in the face of the conventional wisdom and of official policy that one hesitates to assert it with certainty. Yet analysis of the test issue increasingly reinforces our belief that the ideal of international inspection of nuclear explosions has acquired a symbolic significance quite independent of its bearing on US security.

It must be understood, in the first place, that an international organization with its worldwide network of seismic and atmospheric sampling equipment and monitoring crews would no more be foolproof in detecting isolated, underground tests than our unilateral, national apparatus. The unreliability of the international system proposed by the US at Geneva was thoroughly documented in expert testimony during the 1960 hearings on test detection held by the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Roughly speaking, its flaws are these:

1 – US proposals do not cover tests in outer space, which can be conducted by sending out a rocket toward the sun, separating it into two parts, and sending back coded data from one part about the

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"Shall We Resume Testing Human Beings?"

explosion of the other. (The Soviets have repeatedly rejected an inspection of rockets before launchings; the possibility of identifying such tests by satellites is as yet unverified.)

2 – Our proposed system would be unable to distinguish between earthquakes and underground tests which produce seismic readings of less than 4.75. This means that the Soviets could probably conduct low yield tests (those of less than 20 kilotons) without great fear of detection, and that by "decoupling" tests in large, specially constructed holes, preferably in salt or limestone, they might "muffle" even larger tests.

3 – US proposals would permit only 20 on-site inspections each year of seismic events. Since there are between 50 and 200 such events annually in the USSR, and since less than half of these can be definitely identified as earthquakes from purely seismic data, inspectors could not count on visiting an average of more than one suspicious event in three. And if the US agreed to compromise on 12 inspections a year, as our negotiators have suggested we might, the inspectors could visit the site of only one tremor in five. Nor would these visits necessarily locate a well-disguised hole, for by conducting several tests simultaneously, the "cheating" nation could create a wide margin of doubt about where to begin looking; and in any case it is not easy to find a hole 2,500 feet underground, even if you know within a few hundred feet where to start drilling. Given a 50-50 chance of finding the hole when looking for it, the whole system would have no more than one chance in ten of identifying the site of any particular large underground test. The odds would, however, be much higher for a series of tests.

Now, compare this with the inspection scheme proposed by the USSR, in which each side relies solely on its own resources for identifying violations. For the US, this means relying on Soviet defectors, spies, reconnaissance satellites, atmospheric sampling equipment, and perhaps most important of all, on our elaborate, world-wide network of seismographic equipment. Nobody, least of all the Russians, knows exactly how good this system is now, or could be made in the near future. It was good enough to identify an underground Soviet test of less than 20 kilotons last winter. It might not, however, have identified such a test in a different part of Russia, in a different kind of hole or in a different kind of rock. Indeed, the Soviet test might have been much larger – perhaps as large as a megaton – without being identified. Seismology is not a very highly perfected science. Yet for this very reason, the Soviets almost certainly could not have known in advance whether their muffling precautions were adequate to make the West mistake the test for an earthquake. Nor can they be sure they would get away with "cheating" in the future. Not even Western scientists, who appear to have studied these problems more thoroughly than the Russians, can be sure *after* a Western test whether the Soviets have identified it or not.

Even if, as most Americans suppose, an international inspection system is more likely to discourage Soviet secret tests than our own national inspection, it is necessary to ask how much more likely. The proposed international system would have a fair chance of distinguishing a nuclear test of more than 20 kilotons from an earthquake, whereas the ability of the US seismic system to make this same distinction may be restricted, at least for the present, to tests above one megaton. However, this would only become important if the Administration were to demonstrate that it is more dangerous to US security for the Soviets to be able to conduct undetected underground tests up to a megaton than underground tests up to 20 kilotons. This claim has, however, never been made officially, and most non-government experts deny that it could be supported. Any advance in nuclear technology which could be made by underground tests of less than a megaton could almost certainly be accomplished eventually by tests below 20 kilotons.

Potentially dangerous Soviet underground experiments fall into three categories: "proof" testing of

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tactical nuclear warheads, experiments to improve weight-to-yield ratios, and experiments designed to see whether atmospheric tests (particularly of anti-missile systems) are likely to be worth the bad publicity they would bring. Although the AEC and Pentagon made much of tactical warheads and weight-to-yield improvements in 1958-60, the importance of these has since diminished. Limited nuclear war is no longer regarded as either probable or profitable for either side, so that the question of having one kind of warhead rather than another is less urgent. And the Soviets' tests last fall brought them near the theoretical limit of weight-to-yield increases, a point which the US reached some years ago. The White House therefore takes the view that the main danger from secret underground tests would be that the Soviets might learn something to make them believe that an effective anti-missile system was possible. If the Soviets then tested their experimental anti-missile program in the atmosphere during an international crisis, and if the atmospheric tests were successful, they might be in a position to launch a nuclear first strike before the United States was even ready to begin work on its own system, much less test it. This may conceivably be a real danger, especially if, as the President stated on March 2, American scientists cannot be induced to do research on such a system unless they are promised a chance to test it. But the Administration is willing to take this risk if it is allowed to build detection stations inside the USSR and conduct a handful of on-site inspections. The risk would not be appreciably increased if we relied instead on the CIA, the AEC, the Pentagon, the Coastal and Geodetic Survey and Samos satellites, and to draw the line on this issue seems to us arbitrary.

In general, what we wish to suggest is that the risks of national monitoring are not appreciably greater than the risks of international inspection, and that because the loopholes in our flexible national system are less easily pinpointed such a system may even be better than an imperfect international system.

Sophisticated advocates of the US position assert, however, that there is a big difference between CIA knowing the Soviets have tested and an international organization telling it to the world. According to this view, the principal sanction preventing Soviet tests if a treaty were signed would be Soviet reluctance to be authoritatively identified as a "cheater." Perhaps. But no such concern for world opinion was evident when the Russians resumed testing last September. It seems more realistic to assume that the Russians will calculate advantages and disadvantages of "cheating" almost entirely in terms of the probable response of major military powers, and particularly the US.

Finally, there is the matter of precedents. In the past, the US has regarded a test ban as a first step towards

Footnotes *to the* Week

SECOND CLASS mail rates, about which publishers have been so jittery, will stay about where they are now. The Senate Post Office Committee will reject a one cent surcharge requested by Postmaster Day. —— A CATHOLIC *segregationist, threatened with excommunication for opposing desegregation of New Orleans parochial schools to begin this fall, has replied in an open letter to Archbishop Rummel: "Your Excellency evidently conjectured that I have not been obedient to the teachings and discipline of Holy Mother Church because I am fighting forced racial mixing, a non-religious, social, and political and revolutionary movement instigated and supported by the Communist Party, arch-enemy of all Christendom."* —— THE ROYAL LAOTIAN government has accumulated an estimated $44 million in a London bank against the day when the Pathet Lao takes over. As part of its effort to pressure Boun Oum into joining a neutralist coalition, the US wants Britain to freeze these funds. —— EVERY STATE *that lost House seats as a result of the 1960 census has drawn new Congressional boundaries. In only five states which gained a seat will candidates run statewide: Maryland, Ohio, Hawaii, Texas and Michigan (where Democratic National Committeeman Neil Staebler is running for Congressman-at-large). In California, Kennedy's campaign manager in '60 and present Speaker of the legislature, Jesse Unruh, master-minded reapportionment so advantageous to his party that seven or more new Democratic Representatives are probable.* —— UNITED NATIONS officials think that if Premier Adoula and Katanga's Tshombe can come to terms within the next month, UN military forces in the Congo can be reduced from the present 17,200 to about 9000 by early '63. However, badly needed training of a Congolese security force has not yet started. —— THE HOUSE *is expected to defer consideration of US purchase of UN bonds until after the World Court decides, sometime this summer, whether under the Charter each member state is obliged to pay special assessments voted by two-thirds of the General Assembly.* —— NORTHEAST BRAZIL will get $278 million for development projects under an Alliance for Progress crash program. The effort to dilute the strength of insurgent "peasant leagues" will be directed by Bruno Luzzato, highly-respected former World Bank representative in Brazil. —— AN AD *in* The Dallas Morning News *of April 1 asks whether some "wealthy, conservative Texan" would enjoy "having played a critical part in bringing to Texas our first Nobel Prize for literature." If so, he is invited to subsidize "a powerful, world-significant novel dehorning the red-nosed reindeer of the lunatic left."*

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arms control, and has thought that one of the main virtues of a treaty would be its small-scale demonstration of how an international disarmament organization could work. This was and is an important aim. But we should not sacrifice the possibility of a test ban in a fruitless effort to establish the precedent of international inspection.

The United States cannot get, and has not even dared propose, a really adequate international system; and that being so, there is little virtue in insisting on an inadequate international system just because it is international. If we want to halt further tests, let us end them the only way they can be ended – without international controls. An agreement that rests on national monitoring might be broken by the Soviets. But if the Soviets plan to violate the treaty they are likely to do so no matter how many inspectors there are inside the USSR, for they are likely to do so deliberately and openly in order to impress Washington with their nuclear power and "will."

Steel and the Public

After Big Steel marched up the hill and down again, two questions remained: How is steel to secure capital for modernization? And second, should the making of a price in so basic and monopolistic an industry "be freely and privately made . . ." as the President believes; or does the public interest need to be represented more formally in bargaining and in pricing decisions?

The case for a $6 a ton price increase was that it was needed to improve earnings so that funds would be available for investment in more efficient production. This Administration has not denied the industry's need for capital accumulation. A tax bill now before the Congress would make available about $110 million to steel through a credit on investment in new plant and equipment. But neither this measure nor Mr. Blough's defense of a price rise address themselves to the central fact that steel profits are particularly sensitive to the rate of capacity at which the industry operates. Since 1957, the annual average rate of operation has run about 67 percent of capacity. (A 90 percent rate, on the other hand, if that should be achieved this year, would yield a return on invested capital of 13 to 15 percent.) As steel output has stagnated, employment of production workers has declined. In '41, the American steel industry employed 539,000 production workers, and in January, 1962, only 459,000. Yet wage rates have skyrocketed. In 1941 the steel worker was paid 30 percent more per hour than the average worker in all manufacturing. In January, 1962, he was paid 35.

How has this affected the public? Price increases in steel between 1951 and 1958, together with their indirect effect on other prices, were responsible for 40 percent of the change in the wholesale price level between 1947 and 1950, and for 50 percent of the change from 1953 to 1958. No other industry has been a more active engine in inflation. From 1946 to 1961, the general index of wholesale prices (other than farm and food) rose by 63 percent; the index of iron and steel prices rose 130 percent. And with what results? The industry has been pricing itself out of the market, first abroad and then at home. Imports of steel rose from 1 million tons in 1954 to over 3 million tons in 1961.

Roused to fury by the betrayal of the steelmen, the President won his point, for the moment. But he and the nation are now faced with a tougher question than the "irresponsibility" of a few corporate directors: what is to be done about the concentration of economic power in a handful of producers who dominate steel and whose oligopolistic counterparts can be found in most other branches of industry and finance?

One answer is more of the same, with the President employing a public and private persuasion to achieve restraint by the corporate managers and their unions. But this approach provides no way of determining appropriate wage-price-output relationships. Moreover, "jawbone control" makes price restraint the be-all and end-all of economic policy, whereas there is much reason to believe, as we noted earlier, that the pricing and output policies of big business are directly related to high unemployment and slow economic growth.

A second alternative is a heartier attempt to increase competition in steel, autos, electrical machinery and other concentrated industries by vigorous trustbusting. In recent years, antitrust laws have been used to block mergers or punish price-fixing, but the divestiture provisions have been largely ignored. It may be that existing law needs amending to permit breaking up concentrated power when no conspiracy is present. The antitrust attack has the virtue of maximizing free economic choice, but it has its limitations, too. Are large corporations the most efficient? How much more competitive would steel be if six producers, instead of three, accounted for more than half the output?

The third alternative would mean accepting oligopoly and taming it in some fashion. Senator Gore and others have proposed that dominant corporations justify in advance before some public board plans to increase prices. Gore has also asked whether direct regulation like that imposed on public utilities isn't needed for steel. An imaginative solution has come from the fertile mind of Gardiner C. Means, the father of administered price analysis and author of *Pricing Power and the Public Interest – A Study Based on Steel.* In effect, Means would set up public interest performance standards for managers of dominant corporations and award them tax-privileged bonuses for meeting

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these goals. But all these variants of direct and indirect regulation suffer from the defect of the current course, an inability to define satisfactorily how high or low steel or other prices should be, what level of output an industry should produce and how much technological advance it should make at any given time. Moreover, the hearing board or public utility regulation would slow up corporation decision-making, make price-cutting most unlikely and would place a premium on the familiar and safe.

Although the events of the last week have dramatized the need for new approaches to the dangers posed by large aggregates of economic power, it must be noted that in this instance, at least, the forces of supply and demand helped decide the issue in the public interest. The president of US Steel observed that he knew very little about politics. But with the prospect of Mr. Blough's big customers – automobiles, containers and construction – driven to aluminum, plastics and foreign sources of supply, one felt tempted to add that he seemed to know even less about economics.

It Ain't Right

Since, in his letter of justification to *The New York Times*, the editor of Webster's Third New International Dictionary, Philip G. Gove, twice cites word usage in *The New Republic* as authority, it is ungracious to suggest that the dictionary's compilers have abandoned a function indispensable in any advanced society, that of maintaining the quality of its language. If that language is primitive, vague and illogical, so will the thought be. Until now, Americans have gone to Webster's International to learn, for example, that "bimonthly" means once in two months rather than twice a month, for which the word is "semimonthly."

Now, however, Dr. Gove has written that a dictionary "should have no traffic with . . . artificial notions of correctness or superiority. It should be descriptive and not prescriptive." The new edition bases its definitions simply on current usage, refusing to distinguish good from bad. Thus, if the ignorant use "bimonthly" to mean twice a month, then that becomes a new meaning, even though the consequent ambiguity makes the word useless. So the language is allowed to degenerate.

The function hitherto performed by Webster's International in the US (as by the Oxford English Dictionary in Britain) is so vital that we dare not allow it to lapse for long. Some other company of lexicographers will sooner or later have to take it up. A new discriminating dictionary of the American language, bringing the old Webster's up to date, will be increasingly needed as the old gradually becomes both obsolete and unavailable. The production of such a dictionary will require large financial resources as well as intelligence and long labor. Our great foundations could not spend money in the service of our society and the English-speaking world in general more constructively than by supporting such an undertaking.

Chicago Television

Some of the most exciting programs in the early days of television were created by *avant garde* experimentalists in Chicago. "The Chicago School" was responsible for *Garroway at Large*, one of the few landmarks in TV programming; the subtle delights of the "kuklapolitans"; the discrimination which marked the jazz heard each week from *Stud's Place* – even the most mature development the soap opera was to reach in *Hawkins Falls*. It is thus a commentary on the swift degeneracy of this not-yet-15-year-old medium that Chicago has been selected by the FCC as the subject of its first public hearing, now in progress, on whether local stations are providing their listeners a minimally acceptable service.

Officially, all five channels serving the city are under scrutiny, but attention is centering on the three network stations in Chicago, each of which is owned by, as well as being affiliated with, ABC, CBS and NBC, respectively. Despite the resources which such ownership makes available to these stations – over and above the fact that in serving the country's second largest market, they are able to charge rates which makes each station an immensely profitable operation in its own right – their local offerings have been labeled "undistinguished" by the FCC on the basis of a staff analysis.

Chicago is the one single metropolis which can meet the programming needs of the vast Midwestern area stretching from the Alleghenies to the Rockies – needs which cannot be met by what little live television still originates in New York and Los Angeles. The three local network stations have, however, cut back local programming to an extent which has caused unemployment for hundreds of performers and theatrical craftsmen. Because of this, three unions representing artists and workers filed statements with the FCC formally protesting the granting of license renewals to the stations when their grants expired last December 1. As a result, the stations were given only temporary extensions of their permits, rather than the automatic renewals they would have received in pre-Minow days.

The FCC stresses that for the present, it looks on this "new and novel procedure" in Chicago as a one-shot affair. But the astronomical worth of these stations guarantees that their licensees will take whatever steps the FCC believes they should take to fulfill their statutory obligation to serve the public interest.

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Big Business in Space

by Asher Brynes

At the end of March the Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences, Senator Kerr presiding, unanimously agreed to report its approval of an amended version of the Administration's bill providing for the ownership and operation of a communications satellite system by a privately-controlled corporation. Few legislative proposals in recent years had been so thoroughly hashed over. Twelve hearings were held by various committees of the Congress in 1961. This year there have been four. And the controversy will be far from over when S.2814 – the Senate compromise of a previous compromise between the antitrust outlook of the Department of Justice and the Federal Communications Commission's confidence that it can regulate the wickedness out of any monopoly – is reported out of the Commerce Committee this week for floor debate.

When that happens Wayne Morse has threatened to stage a filibuster. He finds a parallel between this measure and "another Administration's [Eisenhower's] giveaway of the whole atomic energy program." Senator Morse is a co-sponsor, together with Senators Kefauver, Yarborough, Gore, Gruening, Burdick and Neuberger, of legislation (S.2890) to establish a public communications satellite corporation – modelled after TVA. (A similar bill – H.R. 9907 – has been proposed in the House by William Fitts Ryan.)

The issue has been drawn in terms of the old public versus private power fight. Yet it should not be forgotten that one consideration in the debate is simply to assure that the US has *some* sattelite system in operation relatively quickly – before the USSR preempts the field. As will be explained, a private system, whatever its other characteristics, is likely to be in business sooner than a public one. In addition, as this journal has twice suggested (August 7, September 11, 1961), the analogy between sattelite communications and the traditional "public vs. private power" debate is inexact. In contrast to atomic energy, which was wholly pioneered by the government, the complex and varied technology necessary for a national space communications effort has been developed not only publicly (rocketry) but also privately (transistors, masers, solar batteries, low-noise receivers, improved travelling wave tubes, and horn antennae). Finally, the case for a public corporation rests on certain highly dubious factual assumptions about the profits likely to accrue from developing communications satellites, profits with which the advocates of public control expect to finance the rest of our space program, or even pay off the national debt.

The assumption that fantastic profits are in prospect has received remarkably little examination. On February 13, 1961, *The New York Times* printed an AP dispatch which was to confuse the issue from the outset:

> A scientist predicted today that worldwide communications using space satellites would constitute a $100 billion a year business in 10 to 15 years.
>
> Dr. Lloyd V. Berkner, a member of the President's Science Advisory Committee and Chairman of the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences, made the prediction.
>
> He also forecast that cheap and unlimited radio telephonic and telegraphic communications by this method would revolutionize business methods. . . . Dr. Berkner is President of the Institute of Radio Engineers. . . .

This $100 billion a year figure has dominated the discussion of satellite development and was cited repeatedly within the Justice Department as well as in public testimony by the chief of the Antitrust Division, Lee Loevinger. It has been implicit in the argument of the Morse-Kefauver forces.

"For nearly five years," said Sen. Ralph W. Yarborough of Texas in a recent newsletter to his constituents, "you've been writing to me asking how we could pay off the national debt . . . and I have given a good deal of thought to this question. But up until recently I have not seen an answer that promised any results in the foreseeable future. Now, fellow Texans, there is a way. Through the development of communications by space satellites, this public debt can be paid off with the profits if we will just retain in public hands this heritage that belongs to the whole American people."

Nobody thought to question Dr. Berkner formally about the implications of his estimate until a communications industry committee was requested by the FCC to do so in August, 1961. This committee's mission was to help formulate a plan of organization "to estab-

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lish a commercially operable satellite communications system" in line with President Kennedy's policy recommendation of July 24, 1961. For within a month after the President's recommendation it had become obvious to all that no plan providing for a "commercially operable" system would escape sharp criticism if it were true that space communications satellites would earn that much money in the near future. A subcommittee of this industry-FCC group, accompanied by a representative of the FCC as an official observer, met with Dr. Berkner at his office in Dallas, Texas, on September 1, 1961. The minutes of this meeting, which have not been made public previously in the voluminous comment on this subject, state that Dr. Berkner:

1) Reaffirmed his estimate of $100 billion "as being the annual revenue of Satellite Communications in 1970-1975."

2) Further defined that figure as representing his estimate of the total world revenue that could result "from the operation of global Satellite Systems both commercial and military" on the assumption that future rates would be reduced to 20 percent or less of present rates.

3) As a consequence, envisioned half of the estimate, or $50 billion of annual revenue, to be the result of a more rapid growth of existing communication services; and the other half to be the amount of revenue from new services which the satellite communications system would make feasible, *i.e.*, TV type services, meteorological and industrial data transmission and the like.

4) Believed that this revenue would be divided three ways: *one third* going to the United States, another third to Europe, and the remainder to the rest of the world.

5) Concluded by reminding the subcommittee that "a large part of this revenue would be attributable to the operation of distribution systems," meaning existing wire, cable, microwave and other wireless facilities already built and owned by private communications businesses, notably AT&T.

Before leaving, the subcommittee reminded him that his $100 billion estimate may have been interpreted (such is the language of the cautiously worded official document) in certain Government quarters as representing dollar revenue that would flow directly and undividedly into the coffers of US industry. Whereupon Dr. Berkner said that in his opinion "US private enterprise should not hesitate to maintain a strong position and agreed to clarify his views, if we requested him to do so, by communicating with the competent authorities dealing with . . . the establishment of a Global Satellite Communications System."

There is no record of any public testimony about this still influential estimate, aside from snorts at the mention of it by technical and managerial representatives of the communications industries and the Government's regulatory agencies—and uncritical acceptance of it by some members of Congress and of certain Government agencies. Briefly, only one-third of Dr. Berkner's projected $100 billion receipts would be allocated to the US. This $33.3 billion would be the total gross income of the American communications industry, public and private, military and non-military (assuming that the military began charging itself for using its own facilities).

The most recent five-year average ratio of net earnings to gross income in the US telephone industry is 7.25 percent. Application of this earnings ratio to the US portion of the world telecommunications systems, as Dr. Berkner sees them in the near future, gives a profit figure of $2.4 billion per annum. And in order to impound even $2.4 billion a year and use it to reduce the national debt, Senators Yarborough and Kefauver, and others who have recommended public ownership of communications satellites, would have to introduce a second bill to nationalize the existing telecommunications industry completely and to charge the military for the use of their own system.

When Will It Pay Off?

Apart from the size of the profits, the prospect that even modest earnings may not materialize for a decade also confuses the public-private issue. According to a RAND Corporation study prepared by economist Leland L. Johnson for NASA, the *normal* increase in demand for telephone service is not likely to render a satellite system economically attractive before 1970. As for the other kinds of service (telegraph and fascimile transmission and TV) their immediate prospects are poor for a number of compelling technical reasons.

The timetable for the development of a communications satellite network involves international negotiations as well as technical research; the two are, at this stage, linked together. Extremely wide frequency allocations are necessary if each communications satellite is to handle more and more messages from ground stations as traffic increases. There is in fact a mathematical formula for the number of frequency bands required to provide a given number of circuits between all possible combinations of ground stations, for each operational satellite. As a consequence there can be no operational system until there is an international agreement on the allocation of frequencies for this purpose. The conference at which this is to be done is scheduled to meet in Geneva late in 1963; and the United States has already made its preliminary views public in order

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to expedite the negotiations when the time arrives. Assuming all possible dispatch in the allocation of frequencies to the new satellite system, ratification of the agreement may occur in 1964.

The average preparation time for systems of this type, as determined by much experience at NASA and the FCC, is one and a half years. So the managers and investors in the communications satellite system, whether it is a public or a private investment, will have to wait until 1966 before any revenue whatever comes in – and revenues are not profits.

The compromise bill which the Senate Commerce Committee has been considering bears many marks of the tortuous evolution it has undergone. What the President recommended last year was the establishment of a commercial communications satellite system working in cooperation with (and regulated by) agencies of the US government. This would involve a much broader range of governmental relationships than is common in the management of the telecommunications industry today. The Office of the President, the State Department, the Department of Defense, NASA and other scientific agencies, as well as the Department of Justice and the FCC, have a direct stake in various aspects of the development of the new system. On those grounds a certain case can be made for governmental ownership and operation of the communications satellite system, even though the economic arguments of the President's Senatorial critics are fallacious.

The compelling advantage of the President's "commercially operable" policy is that the telecommunications industry, as it is now constituted, has the competence to put the space satellite system into practical operation with less delay than NASA, or any other US agency. The US telecommunications industry has developed the electronic devices, already cited, that make such a system possible. We cannot afford to fumble for a decade or more in the effort to train, within government, the managerial and technical competence required to run the new communications system that is to be linked into the old one; we are in a hurry.

Although Soviet communications technology does not equal our own, it is clear that the Russians have a superior capability in rocketry. The weight-carrying capacity of their rockets makes it unnecessary for them to equal the lighter, miniaturized electronic components in which the US excels. Thus they can throw a satellite into a high altitude orbit right now. If we give them a long time we may find that they have pre-empted the low-altitude system, and that they are capable of putting up a high-altitude system shortly afterwards.

Theoretically, it would appear possible to contract with private industry to do for the government everything that private industry would do for itself. However, industry is not likely to work as rapidly on hire to the government as it would in carrying out this program on its own. Furthermore, the new system is being developed to tie in with existing installations on the ground. When it is working it will provide an alternate route for the transmission of messages now being carried by cross-country land lines and transoceanic cables; and the new service will be unacceptable to the industry unless it is equal, in quality and reliability, to the service provided by their conventional facilities. They will have to choose for the consumer how best to handle his call, and they are more likely to choose a satellite system built to their specifications than any other.

Time is also the key element in the debate between proponents of low and high altitude systems. In the hearings on these matters the proponents of government ownership and operation have persistently stressed the advantages of the high system. The fact is, however, that we do not have, nor will we have in the next few years, the ability to build such a system. The only system that has any possibilities for practical use before the very late Sixties is the low altitude system which the communications industry wishes to establish despite its interim character. Senator Kefauver and those who share his outlook have stressed that the Administration's approach will give the country the second best of the two projected communications satellite systems. But no one knows how long it will take to develop the "best" system, and in the meanwhile the low system is better than none at all. Since the 50 low satellites will have relatively short life expectancies, keeping maintenance costs steep, the proposed 3 satellite high system is likely to replace it as soon as we know how to build it.

The Worst of Both Worlds

But the desirability of private control does not mean that the Administration measure (S.2814) represents a perfect approach to communications satellite development. On the contrary, the Administration has accepted features (notably low-priced public investors' shares) which if they are not just to be devices for separating a space-starved public from its cash and reducing the amount of capital AT&T ties up in the system, may drain away the incentives for maximum early use of space communications.

The board of directors of the corporation which is to establish and run the system with money raised, in the first instance, from the sale of stock to private investors, public utilities, and foreign communications companies and government monopolies, has been rigged lopsidedly. Domination by the existing utility companies in the business, including the dread AT&T which is a $25.5 billion business, has been most care-

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fully provided against. But their *cash* interests are likely to be well satisfied. For while half of the capital required for the development and installation of the system may be put up by small, private investors, these investors will not elect half the board of directors, nor will they be in a position to set the corporation's fiscal policy. That policy is, for reasons about to be set forth, likely to be set by a coalition of directors headed by AT&T and the Administration.

The bill says that stock in the new company shall be sold to anyone for $100 per share or less in order to assure wide distribution. Domestic telecommunication companies authorized by the FCC are not allowed to buy more than 50 percent of the shares of this stock issued and outstanding. Foreign telecommunications companies or government monopolies may not own more than 20 percent. The corporation's board of directors, however, will represent a somewhat different distribution of interest. There will be 15 directors in all, of whom six are to be elected by the ordinary stockholders, six by the communications common carriers who have bought stock, and three by the President with Senatorial concurrence.

Consider the fact that consumer charges for telephone and telegraph services are fixed at levels which provide a fair return on investment. It would follow that when the new system is in operation the cost of existing telephone facilities *plus* the cost of satellite communications service will be the base for figuring new rates for transoceanic calls. At the same time, the cumulative cost of conventional facilities alone serves as the base for establishing the FCC-regulated fees for calls handled over the conventional system. The AT&T is about to expand this conventional system by installing a high capacity cable of novel design across the Atlantic, and will lay another in the Pacific from Hawaii to the Philippines; and the British, with whom they have a cooperative arrangement, are beginning to install a new cable system that will practically go around the earth.

Put these facts together and it is clear that the new system is not going to be commercially attractive until the old is positively overloaded, which according to Professor Johnson will not be until 1970. And how much longer it will take the corporation to earn a profit, considering the heavy cost of installing the system and keeping it alive for a decade without substantial business, is anybody's guess.

A close look at how the directorate is likely to function, on the basis of the proposed distribution of interests, is even more discouraging. The six directors (40 percent of the whole) who represent the investing public will presumably want to vote dividends for the stockholders as soon as possible; and this group will tend to press for high rates on communications satellite services in order to earn the money. Higher rates may lead to less volume, but a higher profit may be realized even on somewhat lower volume. The equal number of directors representing the FCC-authorized common carriers will, of course, tend to press for low rates on this service in order to lower their overall costs – they don't care if the satellites show a profit so long as their overall operation does so. The three directors who represent the public, that is to say, the Government, which has repeatedly said that its policy is to promote the most rapid development of these new facilities, will tend to press for low rates in order to encourage the most expeditious and early use of the new services by the telecommunications industry. Thus the plain stockholders are to be cast in the role of a perennial minority, hoping for more of the cash that so many have promised will rain down from outer space.

Riding with the Astronauts

Does this mean that there will be a shortage of such investors? Perhaps not, for every time one of those big rockets is fired into the outer sky, particularly if it carries a man inside, there will be plenty of humble persons ready to offer $100 for a share in what seems to be a similar enterprise. And thus in a manner of speaking they will get their heart's desire, which is not money but the privilege of riding up with the astronauts in spirit.

In place of the Administration's self-defeating compromise bill it would still be better to adopt the proposal recommended last October 13 by the 10 US companies operating in the international communications field, for a jointly-held space communications subsidiary. The companies would have a stake in the additional service made possible by the new system, but they would be subject, one should bear in mind, to the same regulation of rates that now governs the entire telecommunications industry. If, as many claim, this regulation is inadequate, the Administration should consider a prompt reinforcement of the government's powers. The communications satellite system and its network of ground stations will, after all, even when it is finished years from today, represent less than a hundredth of the value of the domestic US communications industry. What the Administration is now seeking to do is to control an elephant by plucking a few hairs from its tail; Senator Morse and his colleagues, recognizing the inadequacy of this proposal, would amputate the tail instead. Neither scheme has any great merit, and both dodge the fundamental problem of how to lead the animal. This problem is not going to be solved by meaningless gestures of anti-monopoly sentiment in space, nor by doctrinaire insistence on public ownership.

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Do We Plead Guilty?

That it is blackmail isn't the point. The United States government has paid blackmail before. The Barbary pirates extorted more than $2,000,000 from this republic back in the days when $2,000,000 was harder for us to raise than $62,000,000 would be now.

But that money was paid to ransom our own citizens, American seamen snatched while going about their lawful occasions – well, at least some of them were. Now Castro is trying to put the bite on us to rescue citizens of his own country. If there are a few Americans among the filibusters perhaps we might ransom them following the precedent set in the case of the Barbary slaves, but to ransom Cubans from a Cuban is a different proposition. It implies accepting some degree of responsibility for aliens in their own country.

The United States could have incurred such responsibility in one way only – by deliberate interference in the domestic affairs of a foreign country. To pay what Castro demands would be tantamount to pleading guilty of aggression, which is more embarrassing even than submitting to straight blackmail.

But we are not entirely guiltless, and the whole world knows it. More than that, the guilt is evenly spread. For more than a year the Republican Eisenhower administration winked at a gross violation of international comity, and the Democratic Kennedy administration did not stop it. We are all smeared.

As if that were not enough, it now appears that some, if not most of our underhand assistance was given, not to honest Cuban patriots, but to the Batista thugs responsible for plunging Cuba into anarchy. We chose to assist Cubans whose activities produced Castro; and if it now costs us $62,000,000 isn't that more or less in the nature of a fine for our misbehavior?

True, the penalty falls on the American taxpayer, who had no idea of what was going on. But if it comes to that, the German people did not know the details of what was going on at Dachau, yet their ignorance has not relieved them of responsibility. If it had been known that we were actively promoting a raid on Cuba there would have been a strong protest.

The whole affair is a shocking demonstration of what is bound to happen under a policy of keeping the public business concealed from the public. When any government, not excluding a republic, operates under cover of darkness, its operations soon begin to stink. For the past fifteen years there has been an increasing tendency not to permit the American people to know what the American government is doing. If the people are now caught in a position that costs them both blushes and money, well, they asked for it when they tolerated the policy of concealment.

The argument is advanced, of course, that we are virtually in a state of war and that in war-time we must of necessity tolerate many things that would be atrocious in peace, beginning with homicide. It is false. We are not in a state of war, "virtually" or actually, and we are tolerating bad practices, not of necessity, but to suit the convenience of the politicians in power – in power, if you please, not necessarily in office, because the group includes certain politicians in the Pentagon and CIA, and certain industrial politicians who only occasionally show up in Washington.

Indeed, when a thing like the Cuban scandal is allowed to proceed to its logical end, one wonders whether the men in office are actually in power at all. Even Eisenhower, whom few would describe as an acutely perceptive President, has expressed misgivings about this. Months ago he warned against a possible alliance of militarists and industrialists to dictate government policy. How rapidly and how completely such an alliance can ruin a great country has been luridly demonstrated twice within this century – first by Imperial Germany, then by Imperial Japan.

If the Castro affair should have the effect of awakening the American people to the fatality of concealing the truth about what their government is doing, it would be cheap at the price of $62,000,000. Unfortunately, it has already cost us a great deal more than that. It has undone much of the best work performed by American diplomacy in the previous thirty years – the work that changed Mexico from a thorn in the flesh to a reasonably good neighbor, and that had won us some measure of confidence throughout Latin America. That cost to the US cannot be measured in money, but it is very great.

Whether this country will submit to Castro's blackmail and ransom the adventurers, patriots, gangsters, and all, is for the President and his advisers to decide. But abandonment of the policy of hiding the truth from the people is not within the discretion of the President or any other man.

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The Fiction of Anti-Utopia

by Irving Howe

"I feel sometimes as though the whole modern world of capitalism and Communism and all were rushing toward some enormous efficient machine-made doom of the true values of life."

This sentence was written in 1922 by Max Eastman, then a prominent intellectual defender of the Russian Revolution. It contains the crux of what would later fill volumes of disenchantment, and the need to speak it constitutes one reason why the intellectual experience of our time has so notably been one of self-distrust and self-assault. For some decades there had already been present a tradition in which conservative thinkers assaulted the idea of utopia as an impious denial of the limitations of the human lot, or a symptom of political naïveté, or a fantasy both trivial and boring – this last view finding a curious echo in Wallace Stevens' dismissal of the utopia called heaven: "does ripe fruit never fall?" But the kind of fiction I have in mind and propose to call anti-utopian does not stem from the conservative tradition, even when wryly borrowing from it.

Eastman's sentence would not seem remarkable if spoken by G. K. Chesterton or Hilaire Belloc; its continuing power to shock depends upon our knowledge that it comes from a man of the left. And anti-utopian fiction, as it seeks to embody the sentiments expressed by Eastman, also comes primarily from men of the left. Eugene Zamiatin (*We*) is a dissident from Communism; George Orwell (*1984*) a heterodox socialist; Aldous Huxley (*Brave New World*) a scion of liberalism. The peculiar intensity of such fiction derives not so much from the horror aroused by a possible vision of the future, but from the writer's discovery that in facing the prospect of a future he had been trained to desire, he finds himself struck with horror. The work of these writers is a systematic release of trauma, a painful turning upon their own presuppositions. It is a fiction of urgent yet reluctant testimony, forced by profoundly serious men from their own resistance to fears they cannot evade.

What they fear is not, as liberals and radicals always have, that history will suffer a miscarriage; what they fear is that the long-awaited birth will prove to be a monster. Not many Americans are able to grasp this experience: few of us having ever cultivated the taste for utopia, fewer still have suffered the bitter aftertaste of anti-utopia. For Europeans, however, it all comes with the ferocity of shock. Behind the anti-utopian novel lies not merely the frightful vision of a totalitarian world, but something that seems still more alarming. To minds raised on the assumptions, whether liberal or Marxist, of 19th-Century philosophies of history – assumptions that the human enterprise has a purposive direction, or *telos*, and an upward rhythm, or progress – there is also the churning fear that history itself has proved to be a cheat. And a cheat not because it has turned away from our expectations, but because it betrays our hopes pre-

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cisely through an inverted fulfillment of those expectations Not progress denied but progress realized, is the nightmare haunting the anti-utopian novel. And behind this nightmare lies a crisis of thought quite as intense as that suffered by serious 19th Century minds when they discovered that far more painful than doubting the existence of God was questioning the validity of his creation.

Whether to distinguish literary genres or sub-genres through purely formal characteristics or to insist upon the crucial relevance of subject, theme and intellectual content, is something of a problem for theorists of criticism. It is all the more so in regard to fiction, which is less a genre than a menagerie of genres. I am inclined to think that in regard to prose fiction strictly formal characteristics will never suffice, even while remaining necessary, for proper description; and so I shall note here some of the main intellectual premises shaping anti-utopian fiction and then a few of those formal properties by which it may be distinguished from the familiar kinds of novel.

The first of the intellectual premises I have already remarked upon: what might be called the disenchantment with history, history both as experience and idea. The second is closely related to the first. It is the vision of a world anticipated by a character in *The Possessed* who declares his wish for a mode of existence in which "only the necessary is necessary." Zamiatin's *We*, the first and best of the anti-utopian novels, portrays a "glass paradise" in which all men live in principled unprivacy, without a self to hide or a mood to indulge. Zamiatin thus reflects, as Orwell later would in his "telescreen" and Charlie Chaplin in a sequence of *Modern Times*, the fear that the historical process, at break-neck-speed and regardless of our will, is taking us toward a *transparent universe* in which all categories are fixed, the problematic has been banished, unhappiness is treason and the gratuitous act beyond imagining. In *Brave New World* docile human creatures are produced in a hatchery: the ideal of man's self-determination, so important to Western liberalism, becomes a mocking rationale for procreation by norm. One of the "disturbed" characters in *We* remarks to one of the well-adjusted: "You want to encircle the infinite with a wall" and shifting from the metaphysical to the psychological, adds: "We are the happy arithmetical mean. As you would put it, the integration from zero to infinity, from imbeciles to Shakespeare."

This world of total integration is stripped of accident, contingency and myth; it permits no shelter for surprise, no margin for novelty, no hope for adventure. The rational raised to an irrational power becomes its god. Reality, writes Orwell in *1984*, "is not external. Reality exists in the human mind and nowhere else . . . whatever the Party holds to be truth *is* truth." Reality is not an objective fact to be acknowledged or transformed or resisted; it is the culminating fabrication produced by the *hubris* of rationalism.

But a certain kind of rationalism, I must hasten to add; since none of the anti-utopian novelists, at least in their novels, has anything to do with invoked mysticism. The sociologist Karl Mannheim distinguishes between two kinds of rationality, "substantial" and "functional." Substantial rationality is "an act of thought which reveals intelligent insight into the inter-relations of events in a given situation." Functional rationality, the parallel in conduct to the process of industrial rationalization, consists of

> ". . . a series of actions . . . organized in such a way that it leads to a previously defined goal, every element in this series of actions receiving a functional position and role. . . . It is by no means characteristic, however, of functional organization that . . . the goal itself be considered rational. . . . One may strive to attain an irrational eschatological goal, such as salvation, by so organizing one's ascetic behavior that it will lead to this goal. . . ."

And Mannheim remarks:

> "The violent shocks of crises and revolutions have uncovered a tendency which has hitherto been working under the surface, namely the paralyzing effect of functional rationalization on the capacity for rational judgment."

In his abstract way Mannheim hits upon the nightmare-vision of the anti-utopian novelists: that what men do and what they are become unrelated; that a world is appearing in which technique and value have been split apart, so that technique spins forward with a mad fecundity while value becomes debased to a mere slogan of the state. This kind of "technicism," Spengler has remarked, is frequently visible in a society that has lost its self-assurance. And in his preface to *Brave New World* Huxley shows a keen awareness of the distinction between "substantial" and "functional rationality" when he remarks that "The people who govern the Brave New World may not be sane . . . but they are not madmen, and their aim is not anarchy but social stability." They live, that is, by the strict requirements of functional rationality.

All three of our writers have a lively appreciation of the need felt by modern men to drop the burden of freedom, that need crystallized in the remark of the 19th Century anarchist Michael Bakunin, "I do not want to be I, I want to be We." The schema of the anti-utopian novel requires that in one or two forlorn figures, sports from the perfection of adjustment, there arise once more the spontaneous appetite for individuality. In *Brave New World* it takes the form of historical nostalgia; in *1984*, a yearning for a personal relationship that will have no end other than its own fulfillment; and in *We*, a series of brilliant forays into self-consciousness. The narrator of *We* discloses the ethos of his world when he remarks that the half-forgotten Christians "knew that resignation is virtue and pride a vice; [and almost as if echoing Bakunin] that 'We' is from 'God,' and 'I' from the devil." But as a deviant from the deadening health of his society, he engages in a discovery of selfhood through a realization of how strange, how thoroughly artificial, the very notion of selfhood is:

> "Evening . . . the sky is covered with a milky-golden tissue, and one cannot see what is there, beyond, on the heights. The ancients 'knew' that the greatest, bored skeptic – their god – lived there. We know that crystalline, blue, naked, indecent Nothing is there. . . . I had firm

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faith in myself; I believed that I knew all about myself. But then . . . I look in the mirror. And for the first time in my life, yes, for the first time in my life, I see clearly, precisely, consciously and with surprise, I see myself as some 'him!' I am 'he'. . . . And I know surely that 'he' with his straight brows is a stranger. . . ."

The idea of the personal self, which for us has become an indispensible assumption of existence, is seen by Zamiatin, Orwell and Huxley as a *cultural* idea. It is a fact within history, the product of the liberal era, and because it is susceptible to historical growth and decline, it may also be susceptible to historical destruction. All three of our anti-utopian novels are dominated by an overwhelming question: can human nature be manufactured? Not transformed or manipulated or debased, since these it obviously can be; but manufactured by will and decision.

When one speaks of the historical determinants of human nature, one tacitly assumes that there *is* a human nature, and that for all of its plasticity it retains some indestructible core. If Zamiatin, Orwell and Huxley wrote simply from the premise of psychological relativism, they would deprive themselves of whatever possibilities for drama their theme allows, for then the very idea of a limit to the malleability of human nature would be hard to maintain. They must assume that there are strivings in men toward candor, freedom, truth and love which cannot be suppressed indefinitely; yet they have no choice but to recognize that at any particular historical moment these strivings can be suppressed effectively, surviving for men of intelligence less as realities to be counted on than as potentialities to be nurtured. Furthermore, in modern technology there appears a whole new apparatus for violating human nature: brain-washing and torture in *1984*, artificial biological selection in *Brave New World*, and an operation similar to a lobotomy in *We*. And not only can desire be suppressed and impulse denied, they can be transformed into their very opposites, so that people sincerely take slavery to be freedom and learn, in *Brave New World*, that "the secret of happiness and virtue is liking what you've got to like."

Ultimately the anti-utopian novel keeps returning to the choice posed by Dostoevsky's legend of the Grand Inquisitor: the misery of the human being who must bear his burden of independence against the contentment of the human creature at rest in his obedience. But what now gives this counterposition of freedom and happiness a particularly sharp edge is the fact that through the refinements of technology Dostoevsky's speculation can be realized in social practice. In a number of intellectual and literary respects *Brave New World* is inferior to *1984* and *We*, but in confronting this central question it is bolder and keener, for Huxley sees that the problem first raised by Dostoevsky – will the satisfaction of material wants quench the appetite for freedom? – relates not only to totalitarian dictatorships but to the whole of industrial society. Like so many other manifestations of our culture, the anti-utopian novel keeps rehearsing the problems of the 19th Century: in this instance, not merely Dostoevsky's prophetic speculation but also the quieter fear of De Tocqueville that "a kind of virtuous materialism may ultimately be established in the world which would not corrupt but enervate the soul, and noiselessly unbend its springs of action."

The main literary problem regarding anti-utopian fiction is to learn to read it according to its own premises and limits, which is to say, in ways somewhat different from those by which we read ordinary novels.

Strictly speaking, anti-utopian fictions are not novels at all. Northrop Frye has usefully distinguished among kinds of fiction in order to remind us that we have lost in critical niceness by our habit of lumping all prose fiction under the heading of the novel. He is right of course, but I suspect that for common usage the effort to revive such distinctions is a lost cause, and that it may be better to teach readers to discriminate among kinds of novels. If, however, we do for the moment accept Frye's categories it becomes clear that books like *We*, *1984*, and *Brave New World* are not really novels portraying a familiar social world but what he calls Menippean satire, a kind of fiction that

> ". . . deals less with people as such than with mental attitudes . . . The Menippean satire thus resembles the confession in its ability to handle

Return from Selling

I comply with these disorders to give
Myself food and lodging, a wanderer's hope
Of inn or friendship, return to room
Like a starfish out of its element;
Not a man back from fields, I wash my hands,
Rest my eyes as astronomers at dawn,
Lie with no fewer turnings of my head
Than men scanning Homer or charts of seas.
I exchange day for a room, the room for night,
And briefest thoughts of people still aloof,
Common among these city rooms as sleep.

I look back to Greece and Assyria,
Forward to the wall, back to the mind's wall
Become a fortress, corrupting its kingdom
With idle craftsmen and shouts of selling at the gate,
Walls keeping back neither ooze of Africa,
Nor the Arctic's superfluous snow,
Nor will I be made traitor to love's loyalty
By the empty bed that informs against me;
Nor will I forget the angel smiling in the doorknob.

Stanley Moss

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abstract ideas and theories, and differs from the novel in its characterization, which is stylized rather than naturalistic, and presents people as mouthpieces of the ideas they represent. . . . At its most concentrated the Menippean satire presents us with a vision of the world in terms of a single intellectual pattern."

Accept this description and the usual complaints about the anti-utopian novel come to seem irrelevant. By its very nature the anti-utopian novel cannot satisfy the expectations we hold, often unreflectively, about the ordinary novel: expectations that are the heritage of 19th Century romanticism with its stress upon individual consciousness, psychological analysis and the scrutiny of intimate relations. When the English critic Raymond Williams complains that the anti-utopian novel lacks "a substantial society and correspondingly substantial persons," he is offering a description but intends it as a depreciation, quite as would a critic complaining that a sonnet lacks a complex dramatic plot. For the very premise of anti-utopian fiction is that it projects a world in which such elements – "substantial society . . . substantial persons" – have largely been suppressed and must now be painfully recovered, if recovered at all.

One might even speculate that it would be a mistake for the author of an anti-utopian novel to provide the usual complement of three-dimensional characters such as we expect in ordinary fiction, or to venture an extended amount of psychological specification. For these books try to present a world in which individuality has become obsolete and personality a sign of subversion. The major figures of such books are necessarily grotesques: they resemble persons who have lost the power of speech and must struggle to regain it; Winston Smith and Julia in *1984* are finally engaged in an effort to salvage the idea of the human *as an idea*, which means to experiment with the possibilities of solitude and the risks of contemplation. The human relations which the ordinary novel takes as its premise, become the evoked possibilities toward which the anti-utopian novel strains. What in the ordinary novel appears as the tacit assumption of the opening page is now, in the anti-utopian novel, a wistful hope usually unrealized by the concluding page. That the writer of anti-utopian fiction must deal with a world in which man has been absorbed by his function and society by the state, surely places upon him a considerable quota of difficulties. But that is the task he sets himself, and there can be no point in complaining that he fails to do what in the nature of things he cannot do.

The anti-utopian novel lacks almost all the usual advantages of fiction: it must confine itself to a rudimentary kind of characterization, it cannot provide much in the way of psychological nuance, it hardly pretends to a large accumulation of suspense. Yet, as we can all testify, the anti-utopian novel achieves its impact, and this it does through a variety of formal means:

1) *It posits a "flaw" in the perfection of the perfect.* This "flaw," the weakness of the remembered or yearned-for human, functions dramatically in the anti-utopian novel quite as the assumption of original sin or a socially-induced tendency toward evil does in the ordinary novel. The "flaw" provides the possibility and particulars of the conflict, while it simultaneously insures that the outcome will be catastrophic. Since the ending of the anti-utopian novel is predictable and contained, so to say, within its very beginning, the tension it creates depends less on a developed plot than on an overpowering conception. Leading to –

2) *It must be in the grip of an idea at once dramatically simple and historically complex: an idea that has become a commanding passion.* This idea consists, finally, in a catastrophic transmutation of values, a stoppage of history at the expense of its actors. In reading the anti-utopian novel we respond less to the world it projects than to the urgency of the projection. And since this involves the dangers of both monotony and monomania –

3) *It must be clever in the management of its substantiating detail.* Knowing all too well the inevitable direction of things, we can be surprised only by the ingenuity of local detail. And here arises a possible basis for comparative valuations among anti-utopian novels. Orwell's book is impressive for its motivating passion, less so for its local composition. Huxley's is notably clever, but too rationalistic and self-contained: he does not write like a man who feels himself imperilled by his own vision. Zamiatin is both passionate and brilliant, clever and driven. His style, an astonishing mosaic of violent imagery, sustains his vision throughout the book in a way that a mere linear unfolding of his fable never could. But since the anti-utopian novel must satisfy the conflicting requirements of both a highly-charged central idea and cleverness in the management of detail, it becomes involved with special problems of verisimilitude. That is –

4) *It must strain our sense of the probable while not violating our attachment to the plausible.* To stay too close to the probable means, for the anti-utopian novel, to lose the very reason for its existence; to appear merely implausible means to surrender its power to shock. Our writers meet this difficulty by employing what I would call the dramatic strategy and the narrative psychology of "one more step." Their projected total state is one step beyond our known reality – not so much a picture of modern totalitarian society as an extension, by just one and no more than one step, of the essential pattern of the total state.

5) *In presenting the nightmare of history undone, it must depend on the ability of its readers to engage in an act of historical recollection.* This means, above all, to remember the power that the idea of utopia has had in Western society. "The Golden Age," wrote Dostoevsky, "is the most unlikely of all the dreams that have been, but for it men have given up their life and all their strength . . . Without it the people will not live and cannot die." Still dependent on this vision of the Golden Age, the anti-utopian novel thus shares an essential quality of all modern literature: it can realize its values only through images of their violation. The enchanted dream has become a nightmare, but a nightmare projected with such power as to validate the continuing urgency of the dream.

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When Poets Rise to the Occasion

by William Jay Smith

The subtitle of this volume, "An anthology of occasional poetry by people better known in other walks of life and designed to be enjoyed by people from any walk of life," leads one to ask what "occasional poetry" is, and how and by whom it gets written.

Yeats' poem on visiting school children is sometimes given as an example of an occasional poem. It is certainly one growing out of an occasion, and although the occasion is not of itself profound, the sentiments that it evokes are anything but shallow. But then, in this sense, Keats also wrote occasional poems – when looking into Chapman's Homer or when listening to a nightingale. Indeed, if we were to list those poems in any language beginning with "when," whether directly stated or implied, we would find that the greatest lyric poetry is by its nature occasional.

Poetry from Hidden Springs
selected and edited by
Paul Jordan-Smith
(Doubleday; $3.95)

What the anthologist here means is something else, however. "The spirit of poetry lives in every human heart, as Emerson forcibly suggested long ago," he writes. "And almost every man at some time in the course of his life, has been lifted out of himself by some rare experience which awakens his sense of wonder, when self-consciousness falls away and, for a moment at least, he is caught up in a state of ecstasy; and while under that spell any man – lawyer, doctor, merchant, chief – may feel compelled to write a poem." As examples of those who have been lifted, caught up, and compelled, Mr. Jordan-Smith gives us the noted bacteriologist, Dr. Hans Zinsser:

> For I have widely wandered and have been
> Blessed with high tasks and dear companionships;
> Warm hearts and noble courage have I seen
> And tender curving of beloved lips.

He offers also samples of the work of Dr. Franklin Henry Giddings, the noted sociologist, who wrote in a preface to his *Pagan Poems* (1914): "I have made the book because it bade me make it!" Included also is a poem (not a bad one, either) by Harold S. Hartley, a Northville (Michigan) carpenter, on the occasion of hearing the Italian poet, Salvatore Quasimodo. There is also a Connecticut housewife who is frustrated at the kitchen sink while her soul "is chiming to the bay of hounds." And Ruth Guthrie Harding, also known as Guthrie Burton, an authority (unacknowledged) on metrics, who was born at Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania, and, according to the editor, "rejoices in it." There is the bridge builder, David Barnard Steinman, the industrialist, Hyman Jordan Sobiloff, the "Father of Radio," Dr. Lee De Forest. And then, also, Reginald Pole, the British composer, director of Shakespeare's plays, and friend of Rupert Brooke, who ended up not surprisingly in Southern California, where on the edge of the Coachella Desert near Palm Springs, he discovered in the white sands an abandoned can of Prince Albert tobacco and, on this occasion, composed a poem that concludes:

> Who wrought this strangely wayward meeting
> Under a desert sky,
> Staring grotesquely, each at other,
> The tailored prince and I? . . .
>
> Yet here was a man of blood and passion
> Who loved, and laughed – like me;
> Once king of a far off foreign country
> Called England, over the sea.

It does not matter that Prince Albert was never king of England. Clearly many have been called.

All children are geniuses, said Jean Cocteau – with the exception, he added, of the child poetess, Minou Drouet. She, he maintained, was an 80-year-old midget. At the age of four or five, the child is not put off by placing impossibles together: he is unselfconscious, and he can often achieve in his spontaneous rhymes, as in his drawings, far more than he realizes; but as the intellect and the emotions develop, the problem begins. Child prodigies in poetry are hard to take because the reader is painfully aware of the occasion that gave rise to the poem, and of the inability of the poet's craft to cope with his subject. He is also aware of the adult presence looking over the child's shoulder, guiding, and attempting to control, the result. With the adult amateur "occasional" poet something of the same thing happens: looking over his shoulder, however, are all the poets, past and present, whom he has read. And no matter how moved he may be by some particular occasion, what he pours forth in his moment of ecstasy is apt to be a poem that had been written long ago by a poet of talent and training. Only genius can afford the risk of accident.

The beat poets have given the go-ahead signal to thousands of untrained versifiers who formerly existed only in a limbo of mimeography. Now that they have broken into print, their arrogance knows no bounds, and their pronouncements on poetics are of unequalled pretension. Side by side with the beat self-expressionist, however, stands the genteel traditionalist, as represented in this anthology; his arrogance is also transcendent. To him all modern poetry is a betrayal: nothing, Mr. Jordan-Smith would have us believe, has really happened in poetry since Kipling. There have been a few volumes that have "crept quietly out," to use Mr. Jordan-Smith's phrase, over the past fifty years; but apparently it takes more than these few undetected

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swallows to make a summer. The beat poet and the genteel traditionalist share the same pompous concern for poetics, for in reality they have almost nothing to say. Each feels that he alone, in the one case by throwing out all tradition and in the other by preserving what he mistakenly believes to be tradition, can bring poetry back to life.

Occasional verse – *vers d'occasion* – verse written for occasions manages to get written all the time. The occasion may be slight or it may be solemn: the best recent example is the poem composed by Robert Frost for President Kennedy's inauguration. (The fact that he could not see to read it only served to heighten the occasion.) Mr. Frost's new volume contains many such remarkable occasional brevities. In more formal societies than ours the occasion always called for poetry. It still often does, and there are those who can rise to it. Not all of them are poets and not all of them pretend to be, but the level of their verse is high – higher, I think, than is evidenced by some of the examples in this anthology. Whether or not what they produce is poetry of lasting merit is another matter.

Freud and Jung Revisited

by Joseph B. Wheelwright, MD

The publication of *Freud and Psychoanalysis* provides us with a most interesting journey through the psychoanalytic jungle. When one considers the dangers and the confusion of the territory that these pioneers were exploring, it seems extraordinary that they should have achieved as much coherence as they did in such a short time. From our present position, it is gratifying to see that the differences between the various schools are beginning gradually to be reconciled. I think it has been shocking to the world in general that the followers of these two great men, who are themselves considered to be experts in their field, should have permitted themselves through the years to behave in a way that is hardly better than the feuding of the Hatfields and McCoys.

Freud and Psychoanalysis
by C. G. Jung
(Bollingen-Pantheon; $5)

The two men met in 1907, though Jung had been profoundly influenced by Freud for several years before that. He said that Freud's book on the interpretation of dreams, published in 1900, made the deepest impression upon him. Particularly noteworthy was the clear evidence that for the neurotic difficulties with which psychiatrists had to struggle, here was a rationale that offered a possibility for treatment. The basis of this was, of course, the formulation that the roots of the illness lay in the unconscious. To us this is a commonplace, but in those days it was an astounding discovery. Previous to Freud, in the main, psychiatry had consisted merely of diagnosis and disposal, with common sense providing what little therapy existed. For his part, Freud had been aware of Jung's work before this first meeting. He had been interested in Jung's association experiments and Jung's elaborations on what he called complexes. This notion of complexes fitted in with Freud's own dynamic ideas. Jung told me that their first meeting was a momentous occasion – that they sat down in the evening and did not stop the conversation until the next morning.

The first section of this book contains articles written by Jung between 1906 and 1911. In these writings Jung passionately defends Freud and his ideas. At the time these papers were written, the emphasis on infantile sexuality met with great opposition, not least in medical quarters, but Jung insisted that science was not concerned with prudery, and must go where the facts led. Actually, he always had reservations himself on this score, but went along with Freud until he felt that the facts no longer warranted assigning exclusive causation to infantile sexuality.

The second section consists of a series of lectures given at Fordham University in 1912. These lectures are extremely significant for in them are embodied the germs of the ideas that Jung was subsequently to develop and the differences of opinion that were to lead to the parting of the two men. It is notable that although Jung is critical of many of Freud's ideas, he still embraces some of them and is most appreciative of Freud himself.

"It has been wrongly suggested," he wrote,

> ". . . that my attitude signifies a split in the psychoanalytic movement. Such schisms can only exist in matters of faith. But psychoanalysis is concerned with knowledge and its ever-changing formulations. I have taken as my guiding principle William James' pragmatic rule: 'You must bring out of each word its practical cash-value, set it at work within the stream of your experience. It appears less as a solution, then, than as a program for more work, and more particularly as an indication of the ways in which existing realities may be changed. Theories thus become instruments, not answers to enigmas, in which we can rest. We don't lie back upon them, we move forward, and, on occasion, make nature over again by their aid'."

In the first lecture he explains that the theory of the traumatic causation of neurosis has been abandoned. In this lecture he described how, in his view, the trauma (and undoubtedly traumata exist in many cases, he thought), is linked with predisposition, whereas the mechanism of repression is linked with environment. He goes on to say that Freud discovered that many alleged sex traumata were real, others fantasy, so that the sex-trauma-in-childhood theory falls to the ground. But Freud pointed out that fantasies are just as traumatic as facts – indeed, they are psychological facts.

In the next lecture, The Theory of Infantile Sexuality, Jung disagrees with Freud that sucking at the mother's breast is a sexual act. He thought it was a nutritive one. This was the starting point of his subsequent energic point of view, central in his psychology: He says that he thinks libido is not confined to sexuality, but is far more comprehensive, *i.e.*, psychic energy.

In the next lecture comes the first

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mention of mythological parallelism, that came to play such an important part in Jung's later dream interpretation. "No one with the faintest glimmering of mythology could possibly fail to see the startling parallels between the unconscious fantasies brought to light by the psychoanalytic school and mythological ideas." In the "Phantasies of the Unconscious" comes the following rather surprising comment:

> "Contrary to the opinion of nearly all the critics, Freud is anything rather than a theorist. He is an empiricist, as anyone must admit who is willing to go at all deeply into Freud's writings and to try to see his cases as he sees them."

Jung then takes up the etiology of the neuroses and the concept that he stresses is that of the regression of libido. This eventually marks another point of departure from Freud in that he feels that the significance of the regression of libido lies in the fact that the organism has met an obstacle that it is unable to cope with. He thinks that instead of resolving the difficulty by tracing back to original causes, one should look to the present situation which has blocked the libido, and to help it find a new way to move forward. Jung held that a neurosis had not only a cause but a purpose, and that it was essential to know not only where the man came from, but where he was going. At this point, too, Jung begins to distinguish between introversion and regression, a distinction which is not very clearly made in psychoanalytic circles. Jung considers that introversion is normal and that it represents a flowing inwards of energy, as contrasted with regression, which he considers to be a pathological flowing backwards of energy.

He goes on to speak of the Transference. In this lecture Jung says: "The best result for a person who undergoes an analysis is that he shall become in the end what he really is, in harmony with himself, neither good nor bad, just as he is in his natural state."

The third section is a continuation of his gradual clarifying of his own position and contrasting it with that of Freud. In one of the articles he makes his oft-repeated insistence that every analyst should be analyzed himself. He says that the analyst is blind to the attitude of his patient to the exact extent that he does not see himself in his own unconscious province. He describes the analysis of dreams as "the real instrument of psychoanalysis." He also departs from Freud's statement that the dream is a wish fulfillment, distorted by a censor. Jung once told me that if an analyst could not understand a dream he must blame it on himself and not on a wily censor.

In another excerpt from the section he says, "I no longer seek the cause of a neurosis in the past, but in the present. I ask, what is the necessary task which the patient will not accomplish. The long list of his infantile fantasies does not give me any sufficient etiological explanation, because I know that these fantasies are only puffed up by the regressive libido which has not found its natural outlet in a new form of adaption to the demands of life."

In the last article of this section, he states categorically "the method of the Zürich School, therefore, is not only analytical and causal, but synthetic and prospective, in recognition of the fact that the human mind is characterized by fines (aims) as well as by causae."

The last section is principally concerned with two articles written around 1930, in which he compares his views with those of Freud and Adler. I vividly remember the ideas contained in his introduction to Kranefeldt's *Secret Ways of the Mind*. During my first interview with Doctor Jung, he asked me if I were in the right place. Seeing my look of alarm, he smiled and said, "I only asked for this reason: At the present time, Freud, Adler and myself all seem to have fairly large followings. If any of us had the whole truth obviously the other two would be withering on the vine. I am less surprised that none of us has the whole truth, than that our followings are so large. After all, in the last analysis a man's psychological concepts are an abstraction of, and a generalization on his own psychology. Of course one documents one's ideas with objective facts, but they are always colored by one's subjective nature. Consequently, there are those who find Freud's values and ideas sympathetic, and others who find Adler's or mine sympathetic and meaningful. I only wondered if you had exposed yourself to these points of view, to see which is your dish."

He then handed me Eton's translation of Kranefeldt's book and told me to read the introduction before my next appointment. Actually, I had already read his book on psychological types which had convinced me that Dr. Jung was my man.

Jung's relativist position found a corresponding chord in me and has been one of the chief determinants in my professional career. I have found much inspiration and compatibility from the ego psychologists and the Sullivanians, particularly Erik Erikson and Frieda Fromm-Reichmann. It is striking how little conflict there has been between their ideas and my Jungian background. Perhaps this is not so surprising when one remembers that during a period when Freud was little concerned with ego function and assets, Jung was centrally concerned with these things. I am speaking of the years up to 1930, after which Jung concentrated on the second half of life and the problems revolving around a non-ego center, which he called the Self.

As for the rapport with the Sullivanians, Jung made the formulation, in the late 'teens, that the analyst found himself in a strange position, namely, both subject and object in the therapeutic transaction. I find this equivalent to Sullivan's designation of the analyst as a participant - observer. Furthermore Jung abandoned the use of the couch, thus de-emphasizing the analysis of the transference as the be-all and end-all. At the same time, he departed from the traditional anonimity of the analyst in favor of reality-based relationship between analyst and analysand.

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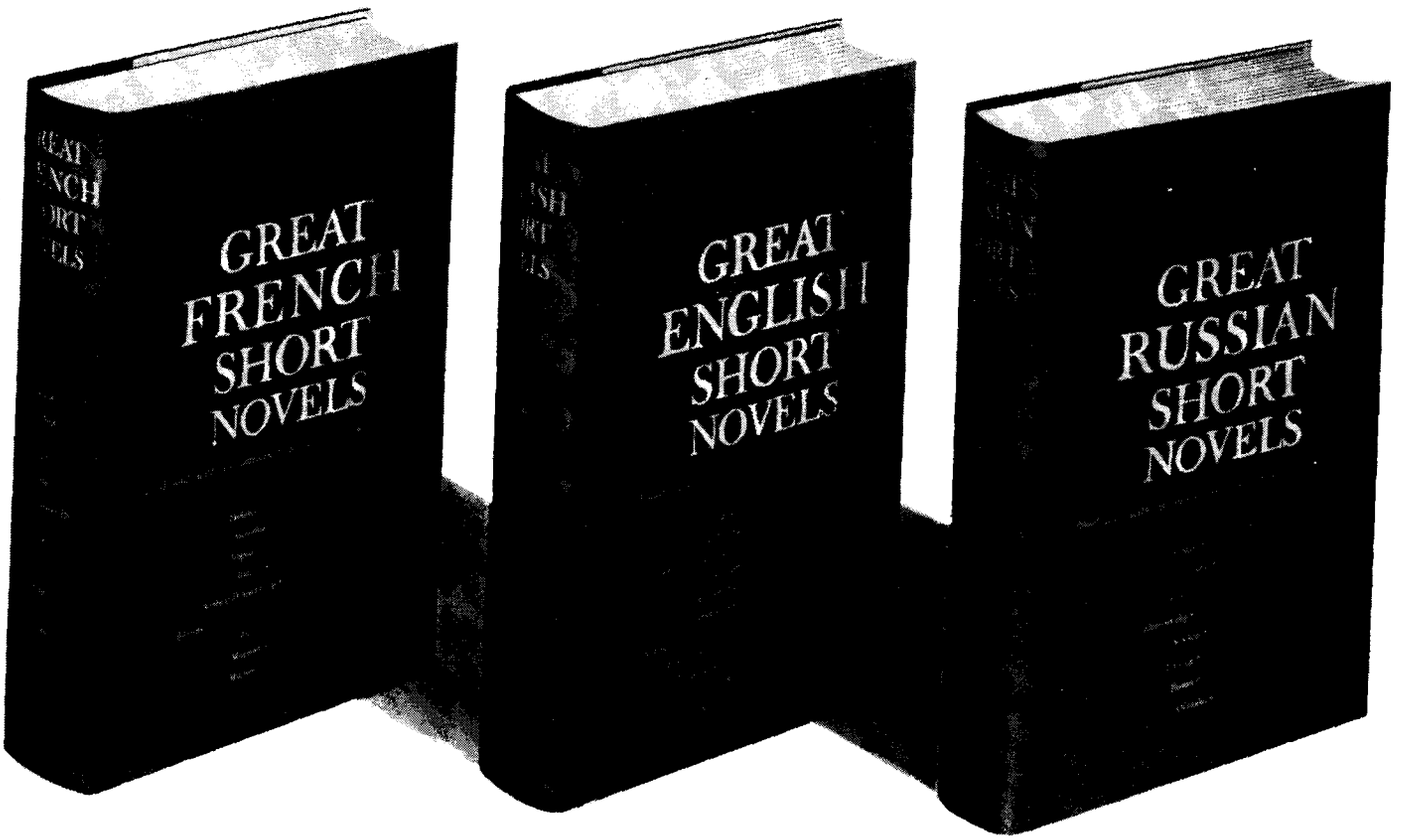

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Teller's Side of the Bomb Race

by Cushing Strout

A brilliant scientist and influential fighter in what C. P. Snow has called "the corridors of power," Dr. Edward Teller has resigned as Director of the Livermore Laboratory to use his considerable power of persuasion on the public. "The legacy of Hiroshima," he thinks, has been a pessimism about the nuclear age which has crippled America in the "cold war." Scornful of test-ban and disarmament negotiations, Teller urges a program of continued testing, public shelters, and limited nuclear war. Seldom has a self-styled optimist presented such a gloomy brief for "progress."

The Legacy of Hiroshima
by Edward Teller with Allen Brown
(Doubleday; $4.95)

Teller first played a major role in nuclear policy during the struggle over the decision to make the H-bomb in the years, 1949 and 1950.

During World War II he had worked at Los Alamos, but his obsessive concentration on the problems of a thermonuclear reaction had side-tracked him from the top-priority effort to produce the atomic bomb. The decision of the General Advisory Committee of the AEC to oppose in 1949 a crash program for the development of the "super" provoked him into strenuous advocacy of his long-cherished dream of making an H-bomb. He took his case to the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, the AEC, and prominent Air Force scientists and generals interested in strategic bombing as the key to national defense. In June, 1951, he presented a new approach which convinced previous skeptics that he had found a feasible method for developing new fusion weapon which was calculated to be a thousand times more powerful than the fission bomb.

Passionately dedicated to his own ideas, Teller does not forgive fellow-scientists like Oppenheimer, Fermi, and Bethe, for their skepticism. He is sure that if they had been as enthralled as he was with the dream of making an H-bomb, the United States could have developed it sooner. The short answer to this charge is that one of his strongest defenders, Lewis Strauss, former chairman of the AEC, told reporters in August, 1960: "We developed the hydrogen bomb in about three years, which is certainly par for the course. I think surely it was developed as soon as the most optimistic thought it could be done."

There are many ironies in this backstage drama. It was Robert Oppenheimer who secured a clearance for Teller to work at Los Alamos (he had relatives in occupied Hungary); it was Teller and his powerful supporters who testified adversely against Oppenheimer in the hearings before the Personnel Security Board which in 1954 branded him a security-risk who had supposedly failed to give "enthusiastic support" to the H-bomb program. (This gamey episode of the McCarthy era, which still rankles in the scientific community, is conspicuously missing from Teller's story of his career.) Teller did not appreciate the military and political reservations which led the skeptics of the "super" to worry about the needs of a balanced defense system and therefore to pay attention to the tactical use of atomic weapons and continental air defense. Now he pleads for tactical use of nuclear weapons in limited war and opposes the Dulles theory of strategic "massive retaliation" which the crash program for the H-bomb helped to stimulate.

Teller wants continued testing in order further to develop mobile nuclear weapons for tactical use against enemy forces in the field. He is convinced that only first-use of these weapons, in wars with limited objectives in limited areas, can stop the Soviets. He argues, however, that limited nuclear wars should only be fought in aid of governments which are strongly rooted in popular support and clearly committed to our side. But these political conditions apply mainly to Western Europe, and it is in these densely populated areas that it would be most difficult to discriminate military targets from industrial and civilian centers. Where the stakes are so high a Teller-war might all too easily "escalate" into a major conflict. His strategy appears to make military sense only in areas which fail to meet his own political conditions.

Teller calls himself an optimist, but the label is only half-true. He finds current science-fiction too pessimistic, yet his optimism has a science-fiction quality. He says nothing about the dangers of accidental war through misunderstanding, provocation, or "escalation"; he is confident that the whole American industrial plant could be rebuilt,

For Arnold Brecht

We fight a battle that is never won.
The ranks surge forward as the front lines fall.
The long day's dusty strife wears fiercely on.
The trampled dead conceal the bloody soil.
Legions ride forward, led by heroes tall:
Lances and pennants, swords blaze in the sun.
Hopes rise – then languish; dusty lips taste gall.
We fight a battle that is never won.

What is this host that meets us rank for rank,
That for each sword-stroke given returns a thrust,
That brings new legions as its legions shrink,
Whose dead, like ours, are countless in the dust?
A minstrel mourns that, under evil spells,
We fight the cruel mirror of ourselves.

H. S. BAILEY, JR.

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after total devastation, in merely five years; and he assures us that fallout mutations will ultimately be beneficial, though "offensive at first sight."

The other side of this curious cheerfulness is an equally exaggerated pessimism about the Western position in the cold war. He credits the Soviets with much more success than they have earned: "World Communism, up to now, has gone from victory to victory." Is Khrushchev really pleased by the Yugoslavian, Chinese, and Albanian rifts in the Communist camp? Is he happy to have been compelled to crush the Hungarian Revolution? Can he take any pleasure in the demonstrated failure of the East German regime to hold the loyalty of its people? Does he gloat over the astounding economic revival of Western Europe? If these are Soviet victories, he should pray for defeats. Teller admires the real achievements of Soviet science and education, but he is as gloomy about the status of the American scientist as if he were not living in the age of The Affluent Professor, the powerful scientific adviser, and the post-Sputnik infatuation with science.

Teller's tone throughout his book is that of a voice crying in the wilderness. But, by his own record, the wilderness is Washington and the voice has been heard. His agitation for a "second laboratory" at Livermore was successful, though Los Alamos actually built the H-bomb. Lewis Strauss took him to President Eisenhower in the summer of 1957 to make the case for continued testing in order to develop a "clean" bomb; and Teller had the sympathetic ear of his friend John J. McCone when he was chairman of the AEC. In the mass media, Teller's views are given very respectful attention, and the current pressures for resumption of atmospheric testing and for a fallout shelter program reflect his doctrines.

He pictures an imaginary American chorus of unilateral disarmers and conjures up the bogey of "a surprising number of people who profess a preference for crawling to Moscow in surrender rather than risking the dangers of nuclear war." In sober fact where do such people have influence, outside the pages of popular novels like *Advise and Consent*? Most Americans who worry about the prospect of a future nuclear war are fearful that they may be the real voices in the wilderness.

Teller has an unscientific tone of dogmatic certitude about matters in which, like the test-ban, he has no real interest. He was sure that the Soviet Union during the moratorium on testing "never did stop nuclear tests but was conducting experiments all along." Open testing by the Soviets has merely confirmed his opinion, and he is now sure that the Russians are ahead of the West in arms developments. These inferences are not provable. There never was any scientific evidence that the Soviets were secretly testing during the moratorium, and advocates of the test-ban were not, as he seems to think, deluding themselves that they had found a fool-proof system. They were balancing estimated risks and seeking a limited system of inspection to deter cheating, to check nuclear diffusion, and to inhibit the arms race.

Teller joins other men of good will in praising the Peace Corps, cultural exchange programs, nuclear sharing with our allies, the Common Market, and UN police actions. But on these topics he has little to say that is searching, detailed, or original. For the rising insecurity produced by the arms race he has no concrete solutions. He preaches World Government and "openness" in all societies as the one true answer, but this simply substitutes long-range goals for hard thinking about the steps that might move us from a precarious present towards a more secure future. Hailed in some quarters as a hard-headed "realist," he shows himself in this book to be a utopian who fails to appreciate the close connection between means and ends.

C. P. Snow has praised scientists for their built-in sense of the future. *The Legacy of Hiroshima* is vivid proof that the vital point is what kind of a sense of the future the scientific adviser has. Teller persuasively criticizes the atomic bombing of Japan without warning, but this admirable feeling for missed opportunities to restrain the use of violence seems to have faded with his dedication to the H-bomb. Other scientists (including several who played an important role in the scientific evolution of the thermonuclear bomb) have a quite different sense of the future. But during the last ten years they have had less influence than Teller in "the corridors of power."

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Between Truth and Fiction

by J. M. Edelstein

Neither art nor life, *The Blood of the Lamb* falls between fact and fiction into a formless mixture of contrived comedy and cruel fate. If *The Blood of the Lamb* is a novel, as the publisher's blurb says it is, it is a poor one, with no artistic reason for the unusually hard life of its hero nor for the unimaginative construction in which, as in dreams, everybody dies off except for the narrator who is left at the end, certain of the rightness of his being, the only one alive. And, if truth is stranger than fiction and *The Blood of the Lamb* is biography, or autobiography, not even the relief of having its hero, at least, alive at the end warrants such an account of self-righteousness and self-pity, and the self-indulgent confusion between personal grief and a higher tragedy.

The Blood of the Lamb
by Peter DeVries
(Little, Brown; $4)

Don Wanderhope, son of an immigrant Chicago Dutch iceman and garbage collector, wanders through this book in hope of finding a faith which he thinks he lost in his childhood, but which he never really had. His adored older brother dies at the age of twenty, and Don Wanderhope decides that "No more need I go on thinking in anguished rage: 'Why doesn't He pick on somebody his size?' 'He' did not exist." Later, in the tuberculosis sanatorium where he himself is a patient, Don falls in love with Rena, another patient, only to have her die in surgery; his consolation is to listen to the doctor tell him about his own son, aged seven, whom he watched bleed to death, to look at the stars in the winter sky, and to give up asking other people whether or not they believed in God.

Then, as Don says: "I had scarcely dried my tears for Rena when letters began to arrive from home indicating, at first in disquiting hints, then unmistakably, that my father was going out of his mind." The old man was deposited in a "home" for the rest of his days, and for Don Wanderhope life continued to unfold, inconclusive, unsatisfying. When marriage came, it was to Greta, an old girl friend, confined, when we meet her again after a long interval, to the same hospital as the elder Wanderhope, by the shock of the erotic adventures she had once shared with Don. Despite the railroaded arrangement and a poor history of mental health, Greta seemed to blossom for awhile; she and Don had a child, a girl; but after a religious conversion, alcoholism, a series of hospitalizations and attempted suicides, she finally managed to do away with herself.

During the next few years, when Don Wanderhope was not solving teleological problems by gazing into his daughter's blue eyes, he was becoming a successful New York advertising man, and swapping brandies and points of view with his buddies on such questions as "What is the greatest experience open to man?" He found the answer to that question for himself – and for almost the entire second half of this book – when, at the age of eleven, his daughter, Carol, became ill. Carol's long sickness and her inevitable, miserable death as a victim of leukemia are described, both poignantly and morbidly, in long, drawn-out scenes that are very painful to read.

Early during Carol's illness, Don Wanderhope wrote out a statement of his philosophy of life – the sort of thing one contributes to a college alumni questionnaire, which is exactly what it was. After the child's death, in a mawkish scene of going through the things in her room, he rediscovers that philosophy and finds that it still has validity and meaning for him: "I believe that man must learn to live without those consolations called religious, which his own intelligence must by now have told him belong to the childhood of the race. Philosophy can really give us nothing permanent to believe either; it is too rich in answers, each cancelling out the rest. The quest for Meaning is foredoomed. Human life 'means' nothing. . . . Man has only his own two feet to stand on, his own human trinity to see him through: Reason, Courage, and Grace. And the first plus the second equals the third."

But the trouble with DeVries-Wanderhope is that he is not convincing in his belief in even this essentially neo-Calvinistic approach to existence, for he finds no trouble in ending his book with such a combination of superiority and sententious sentimentality as: "Once I ran into Carol's teacher, Miss Halsey. 'Some poems are long, some are short. She was a short one,' Miss Halsey had summed up, smiling, with the late-Gothic horse face which guarantees that she will never read any poems, long or short, to any children of her own. Again the throb of compassion rather than the breath of consolation: the recognition of how long, how long is the mourners' bench upon which we sit, arms linked in undeluded friendship, all of us, brief links, ourselves, in the eternal pity."

There are also some very funny parts to *The Blood of the Lamb*. Two are

Despair May Hold the Scene

Despair may hold the scene
in glassy suspense
Like a dead wide-open eye.

Learn compliance, then.
Outstare despair,
Having acknowledged it Medusa.

Shortly, Nature, abhorring two like poles
Of emptiness,
Will open secretly
A door beyond despair.

M. M. DUPONT

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matchless and maintain Mr. DeVries' reputation of deftness at writing comedy. The first anecdote is the story of Don Wanderhope and his father losing the garbage truck and almost drowning themselves in the marsh of swill and filth of the city dump, while the second is a hilarious description of Don and Greta Wigbaldy [sic] being discovered in bed by her father, the bed being in a Model Home of the development which Mr. Wigbaldy was building and which he was, unaccountably, showing to a client in the middle of the night. Funny as they are, however, both of these stories, as well as most of the other of Mr. DeVries' sophisticated quips and jokes in this book seem out of place, just thrown in.

It is a truism that tears and laughter are close to each other, but in attempting to exploit them both in *The Blood of the Lamb*, Mr. DeVries has succeeded in neither comedy nor tragedy, nor has he successfully constructed a novel. But more important than *The Blood of the Lamb's* lack of form is its lack of anything meaningful to say and the possibility that Peter DeVries really believes in Don Wanderhope's shallowness. If this step-by-step account of pain and grief were to have any message for anyone other than DeVries-Wanderhope, it needed more than calculated pathos and reaching for sympathy, more than a philosophy of resignation born, it seems to me, solely in embarrassingly personal despair. What is missing, even when our hero is being most heroic, is some understanding of Charity (what other significance can there be to the title?).

Memoirs of a 20th Century Everyman

by Frank Freidel

The tragedy at Hiroshima and the nuclear terror that has followed has led Rexford G. Tugwell into a philosophical quest. Searching back over his own and the nation's past 70 years he has tried to detect what went wrong, what has led to such a frightful impasse. For Tugwell the dropping of the atomic bomb was the "ultimate crime" for which "there was no possible expiation." There were other failures; there were also notable successes. Tugwell wishes to account for both categories: "They were [the acts] of my generation; I had lived through them; and yet it was not at all clear to me why more had not been accomplished, why conscience had not had a firmer hold, why our deepest convictions – of neighborliness . . . of respect for others' rights – had been systematically violated."

The Light of Other Days
by Rexford G. Tugwell
(Doubleday; $5.95)

As a 20th Century Everyman, Tugwell extracts from his upbringing much of the essence of the American experience from the pioneering period to the advent of the large cities. Seldom has anyone written about his own past so vividly and thoughtfully. This is reminiscence not as escapism but as analysis; it is in the tradition of Lincoln Steffens and Henry Adams.

Like that of the nation, the background of Tugwell was small-town and rural. What irony there was in Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith's onslaught against Tugwell's appointment in 1934 as Under-Secretary of Agriculture: "He is not a graduate of God's Great University." Quite the contrary, Tugwell as a teenager could inspect a field of peas and decide to the day when they should be harvested for the cannery. And he knew a good bit about the merits of cattle and horses, as well as vegetables and fruit. It was true that Tugwell in the 1930's, handsome and immaculate, did not look like a farmer and did not know cotton. But he did sense from his early background how impossible it was to scrape an adequate living from poor soil, and he did care deeply about improving the lot of underprivileged farmers. Still, he loved books, thought a scholar's inward thoughts, and expressed himself with an elaborate vocabulary, and these were the characteristics that drew "Cotton Ed" Smith's scorn in the 1930's and made Tugwell the prime target of anti-New Dealers.

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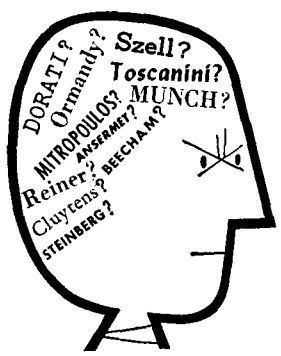

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Now these same qualities enable Tugwell to write in a rich and rewarding fashion about his past.

Tugwell was born in 1891 in the hamlet of Sinclairville near Lake Chautauqua in the hills of western New York. His mother had been a country schoolteacher; his father was a young, ambitious dealer in livestock. On his great uncle's hillside farm, where his mother had grown up, Tugwell could see the frugality born of hardship, and its counterpart, the waste of soil and trees, that had been going on in America since the establishment of the earliest settlements. He could see other farmers, somewhat better off, eating well, but enjoying few of the comforts of modern life. He recalls pointedly how frequently these individualistic farmers cooperated with each other in tasks requiring the work of more than one man, and how completely the villagers managed in a simple way to care for the governmental, social, and spiritual needs of their fellows. Thus in his own upbringing he experienced the "good old days" which conservatives so incessantly hail. And Tugwell found them good, remembering them in lyric passages:

> "There have been few prouder moments in my life than when, as a schoolboy, I marched in the processions which went to decorate the graves of soldiers with my gaudily uniformed father up ahead among the bandsmen sounding out the marches practiced so faithfully for many evenings in the firehouse. . . . We straggled back to the village, refreshed, or our elders did; we boys were likely to slip down the high bank and into the millpond; the water would still be chill, but such deterrents were scorned. . . . Summer was beginning. Memorial Day was much less a salute to the past than an opening of the season that freed us from heated houses and heavy clothes and would presently free us from the disciplines of school."

These people managed their lives relatively well, but were ill-educated and knew little of the forces that were operating outside their limited world. They voted almost solidly Republican, casting their votes in the election of 1896 for McKinley rather than the agrarian William Jennings Bryan.

By the time Tugwell entered his teens, his father was operating a canning factory, and moved the family to the rich farming area bordering the southern shore of Lake Ontario. There Tugwell, without losing his affection for his father, came to realize how hard a bargain was driven with the workers as a matter of principle, no matter how large the profits from the cannery. The elder Tugwell had no intention of paying a bit more than necessary to the Sicilian workmen (and their children) and was bewildered that his son would spend much time with these people.

In Buffalo, where Tugwell completed high school, he lived the life of a youthful dandy, squiring belles to fancy balls and elite parties, yet continuing to spend part of his time in seclusion, working at his writing or prowling the streets and lounging in saloons, observing the poorer people about him. What he saw gave him some insights into the urban age the United States had entered:

> "Buffalo, at the end of the century's first decade, was a small giant of a city, for the most part as ugly as the sin it sheltered. . . . The city illustrated the best and worst of industrial America. It was pushing, inventive, and vigorous; but it was also disordered, corrupt, and hideous. Like Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago, further west on the Lakes, it was run by its businessmen; and its businessmen had no ambitions other than making money and retreating to their palaces with it."

In Buffalo, as in the small towns he had earlier known, and as on the farms, Tugwell enjoyed much that was pleasant. But in retrospect it is the failures then and since, and most specifically the failure at Hiroshima that deeply trouble him and to which he returns again and again. In this volume (the first of several, I hope) Tugwell arrives at no more precise explanation for America's present-day shortcomings than to reiterate the view of his teacher, Simon Patten, that there was a "cultural lag" between men's habits of thoughts and the modern world in which they found themselves. This lag came because the simpler America they had been brought up to love and understand had become increasingly complex and bewildering. Rather than struggle for the knowledge with which to confront new problems they persisted in ignorance, their minds, affections, and convictions rooted in the past. Tugwell looks back upon these "other days" with affection and understanding, but also considerable apprehension.

Aria

(From *Kilroy's Carnival*)

"Kiss me there where pride is glistening,
Kiss me where I am round or ripened fruit,
Kiss me wherever however whenever
I am supple and flare and bare,
Let the belle be rung as long as I am young,
let ring and fly like a great bronze wing
Until I am shaken from blossom to root."

"– I'll kiss you wherever you think you are poor,
Wherever you shudder, feeling tiny or skinny, striped or barred,
Feeling you are bloodless, cheerless, chapless or marred
Until, until
Your gaze has been stilled
Until you are shamed again no more!
I'll kiss you until your body and soul
– the mind in the body being fulfilled –
Suspend their dread and civil war.

Delmore Schwartz

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New Order of the Ages?

by Staughton Lynd

Jean Gottmann tells us in his book *Megalopolis* (20th Century Fund; $10) that the committee of the Continental Congress which designed the Great Seal of the United States chose as its motto, *Novus Ordo Seclorum*, "The New Order of the Ages." When he goes on to say that in the dreary 600 miles between Boston and Washington, D. C., this New Order has found its fulfillment, the mind reels. Doublethink of a high order is required to regard the great, grey, endless Megalopolis of the American northeast as the realization of anyone's dream. Surely Megalopolis is the fulfillment of Alexander Hamilton's prediction that "as riches increase and accumulate in a few hands, as luxury prevails in society, virtue will be in a greater degree considered as only a graceful appendage to wealth, and the tendency . . . will be to depart from the republican standard."

By any sane and humane standard, the quality of life in American cities is a disgrace. It may be, as Mr. Gottmann writes, that "here has been developed a kind of supremacy . . . seldom before attained," but I doubt it. It may be that the population of Megalopolis is "*on the average* [Gottmann's italics], the richest, best educated, best housed, and best serviced group of similar size" in the world. Nonetheless I go on thinking that a community which can tolerate Harlem is (in Lincoln Steffens' fine word) shameful.

"As they and their problems grow and grow," *Time* magazine asked recently, "will the great cities of the US be able to survive?" Luther Gulick (in *The Metropolitan Problem of American Ideals*, Knopf; $3.75) answers:

> "The metropolitan areas . . . can conceivably go on proliferating without the governmental changes and community commitments we have been considering. Such drifting developments will be more of the same, with worse and worse traffic, housing, economic, esthetic, and other difficulties. These amorphous urban complexes will be no fit place for a proud and prosperous people to live in. But they can exist."

Dr. Gulick, the dean of American municipal administrators, reminds us of what cities have sometimes meant to men. "The people who live and work in an urban area," he writes,

> ". . . have a deep emotional need to have their city stand for something worthwhile in the world and to present to themselves and to mankind a strong physical image of this spiritual ambition in the structure of the city, in its vistas, in its major squares and monuments."

"Through these," Dr. Gulick continues,

> ". . . men venerate the past, remember the achievement of those who have gone before, reach for the future, affirm their self-respect and idealism, capture the stranger within their gates, and commit the rising generation to the values and nobility of community life."

The strongest of all criticisms of modern American city life is that it no longer even strives for these things. The Greek dream of the city as a teacher of men is not merely unfulfilled: it is forgotten.

How *do* American cities decide what kind of growth shall take place, when, and where? The answer is that they do not make these decisions: they grow from a myriad of smaller decisions by individual businessmen and acquire their glory (such as it is) in a fit of absent-mindedness. The key choices about land use are made by private real-estate men without public knowledge or intervention. In their book, *Decision in Syracuse* (Indiana; $6.95), Roscoe C. Martin and Frank J. Munger point out that these decisions

> ". . . may be minimized as affecting only minor policy, but the fact remains that their cumulative impact has tremendous effect in shaping the course of development of the metropolitan area. The only recognized tool that might give the community leaders effective control over the accumulation of these decisions would be area-wide planning of land use, and either through tradition or through their own laissez-faire inclinations the leaders have been slow to grasp this weapon."

In other cities attempts have been made to give the public some control over the drift of their collective urban destiny. In "urban renewal," indeed, grassroots participation is elicited in the good old Jeffersonian way. But what does this citizen participation really amount to? Peter H. Rossi and Robert A. Dentler (*The Politics of Urban Renewal*, Free Press; $6) believe that the Hyde Park-Kenwood neighborhood of Chicago shows citizen participation in urban renewal at its best. Yet they conclude that its function is essentially passive, that it induces the neighborhood to accept the planners' proposals rather than to change them, that the people who participate most are those who will be least disturbed if the plan goes through. In Hyde Park-Kenwood, as in the West Side Urban Project in New York City, upper-middle-class white families are using the renewal process to eject low-income minority families. It is again Orwellian doublethink to describe the exclusion of the most needy as "citizen participation." The opposition to renewal in Hyde Park was led by the author of the best study ever made of Negro life in the city: St. Clair Drake, author of *Black Metropolis*.

Edward C. Banfield, in his distinguished anthology of readings (*Urban Government*, Free Press; $7.50) asks us to go beyond moral indignation. Almost any strategy of urban renewal involves knotty dilemmas. For example, wholesale slum clearance tears up local communities and often displaces low-income-site residents into other slums.

"SOME *Connecticut Democrats have formed a committee to help Abe Ribicoff win the Democratic nomination for the Senate, explaining that Ribicoff can't campaign actively because of his 'responsibilities' as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Maybe, even, it would be a conflict of interest?"*

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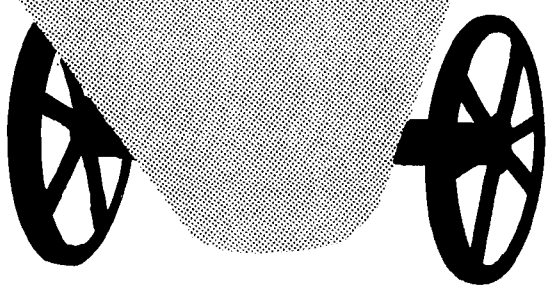

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On the other hand, "renewal" – selective clearance and rehabilitation rather than bulldozing – fails to scratch the surface of bad housing in New York City's Harlem or Chicago's Black Belt. The massive fact that the slum population of central cities is increasingly also a Negro population further complicates the problem: for "renewal" of ghettoes perpetuates the pattern of segregation, relocation outside the ghetto is usually barred by prejudice, and initially-integrated housing projects (private or public) tend to become segregated over a time. Moreover, because of the class and racial antagonism between the city and the suburb, the creation of larger units of metropolitan government is as impractical politically as it is administratively.

These multiple obstacles to sensible planning have led most urban technicians (as represented, for instance, by the contributors to Banfield's anthology) to resign themselves to the politics of the possible. Yet in their reflective moments these same experts will confess that what, today, is politically possible is merely superficial tinkering which does not begin to do what ought to be done in our cities. For lack of comprehensive community programs for general development, Gulick asserts, "urban areas are muddling along, wasting their constructive energies, trying to 'solve' one problem at a time, but frequently making matters worse. . . . They will always be on the verge of chaos. . . . Every city hoping or desiring to 'go anywhere,' in times like these, needs a great and practicable dream." The adequate is impractical, but even more, the practical is hopelessly inadequate.

There is only one road out of this maze. Urban communities cannot solve their problems when fundamental decision-making remains in private hands and development is the unplanned result of the quest for profit. Real planning, based on public ownership of urban land and public construction of urban homes, could begin to crack even the hard nut of prejudice by providing an adequate total supply of housing. But until we are willing to put power in the hands of the public, cities will remain dirty, crowded and chaotic; young lives will be blighted; crime, racial tension, delinquency and addiction will multiply.

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Prologue to an Anatomy of Chaos

by Frank J. Warnke

Lawrence Durrell and Evelyn Waugh have completed their very different multi-volumed projects, C. P. Snow and Anthony Powell continue their even vaster labors, and now Richard Hughes has entered the lists with *The Fox in the Attic*, the initial work of an ambitious sequence entitled *The Human Predicament*. Although Hughes' project differs from the others in its

The Fox in the Attic
by Richard Hughes
(Harper; $4.50)

massive historical scope – which is, apparently, to be nothing less than the destiny of Europe between the two world wars – it shares with them a philosophical seriousness which aims to express a total and ordered vision of human personality and history. It is startling, in view of his previous work, to find Hughes mapping out this sort of territory for himself, but then it is surprising, at this point, to hear from him at all. The author, in 1928, of *A High Wind in Jamaica*, that curious and profound study of the mind of childhood which has established itself as a minor classic among modern novels, Hughes wrote a second novel in 1938 and then lapsed into more or less complete silence until *The Fox in the Attic*.

Set in 1923, *The Fox* deals with the disturbing but inconclusive experience of Augustine Penry-Herbert, an upper-class Englishman of liberal and humanitarian instincts, just young enough to have escaped active duty in the war. Involved by chance in the accidental death of a little girl near his Welsh estate, he goes to visit distant cousins in Bavaria in order to repair his shattered nerves. There, in a family as archetypally representative of the German aristocracy as Augustine and his family and friends are of the English, he discovers that the Germans are in fact different from the English (there is an amusing passage on his reaction to Baroque architecture); hears much about the violent political activities of a demagogue named Hitler, who is at the time engaged in carrying out his abortive *Putsch* in Munich; and falls in love with cousin Mitzi – who subsequently goes blind and is packed off to a convent. Disturbed and wretched, Augustine returns to England.

In its bare plot outline, *The Fox* is not a conspicuous departure from the manner of most serious modern fiction. There is a reliance on certain Victorian stock-properties (Hughes' great houses, whether English or German, always have a faint aura of Brontë which mingles strangely with his acridly modern preoccupations), but both its narrative detail and its texture reveal its fidelity to an older tradition. The

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conservative features of Hughes' novel – its wide scope, complex plot, and many sub-plots; its large cast of superficially but deftly drawn characters; its unabashed use of coincidence and its free assumption of omniscience – are inevitable products of a conception of personality and history which is to be, apparently, the ground-motif of the entire sequence. At the end of Part I, just before Augustine's departure for Germany, Hughes halts the wheels of narrative and steps in *in propria persona* to enunciate his theories:

> "Primitive man is conscious that the true boundary of his self is no tight little stockade round one lonely perceiving "I," detached wholly from its setting: he knows there is always some overspill of self into penumbral regions – the perceiver's *footing* in the perceived. . . . But he knows also his self is not infinitely extensible either: on the contrary, his very identity with one part of his environment opposes him to the rest of it, the very friendliness of 'this' implies a balancing measure of hostility in – and towards – 'all that'."

Retrospectively, *The Fox* explains World War I as the result of a collective re-drawing of the boundaries of selfhood, the creation, by both combatant groups, of a new beloved "we" and a new detested "they." This re-drawing was disastrous. "Suppose," says Hughes:

> ". . . that in the name of emergent Reason the very we-they line itself within us had been deliberately so blurred and denied that the huge countervailing charges it once carried were themselves dissipated or suppressed? The normal penumbra of the self would then become a no-man's land: the whole self-conscious being is rendered unstable – it has lost its 'footing': the perceiver is left without emotional adhesion anywhere to the perceived, like a sea-anemone which has let go its rock."

Augustine typifies the class of reprieved young Englishmen for whom a secular religion of aloof and disengaged humanitarianism has replaced the discredited patriotic hysteria of the war years. His is an unrooted ego. Mitzi, in her blindness, experiences an expansion of the "penumbra of selfhood" in which she loses herself in God. Adolf Hitler, at once product and symbol of cultural disintegration, confuses his personal ego with the will of history and the soul of the universe, and an unbalanced Europe careens toward the disaster which he epitomizes.

In his handling of the German scenes, Hughes shows admirable balance. He suggests incipient national neurosis without rendering his German characters either unbelievable or unsympathetic. Furthermore, he succeeds surprisingly in his boldest departures from contemporary narrative practice. We have grown unused to novels which are populated by scores of minor characters of quasi-Dickensian eccentricity and which present a complex plot articulated through a freely ranging focus of consciousness, but there is no reason not to applaud when a modern writer has both the courage and the skill to revive qualities of a past great age and come close to pulling it off.

The weaknesses of *The Fox* lie elsewhere – in its often undistinguished verbal texture, in its stiff and unwieldly use of symbols, and in its ultimate failure to provide, in Augustine, a hero who is believable. The intellectually provocative passages which I have quoted display the muddiness which sometimes afflicts the author's syntax, and the same defect contributes to his failure to make Augustine a personality or, indeed, anything except a conveniently – and incredibly – naïve observer. The "fox" of the title – variously identified with Hitler in hiding at Putzi Hanfstaengl's country house after the failure of the *Putsch* and with a paranoid young German in hiding in the attic of Augustine's cousins – never quite assumes validity as a symbol.

The Fox in the Attic is, of course, the prelude to an enormous work. It is possible that later volumes will bring much of it into retrospective focus. One thing is certain: Hughes has, despite his weaknesses, an intellectual power and a wealth of historical imagination which make it at least possible that he will end by producing an important novel of ideas.

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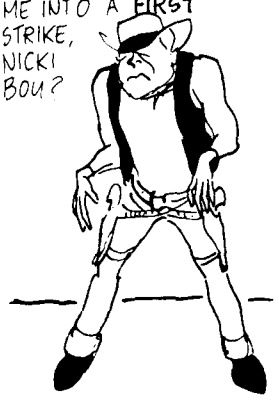
JULES FEIFFER

MAKE YOUR MOVE, JACKIE BOY-

YEW MAKE **YOUR** MOVE, NICKI BOY-

I DON'T MAKE MY MOVE UNTIL YEW MAKE **YOUR** MOVE, JACKIE BOY-

YEW TRYIN' T'PROVOKE ME INTO A **FIRST** STRIKE, NICKI BOY?



I AINT SCARED O' YOUR FIRST STRIKE, JACKIE BOY-

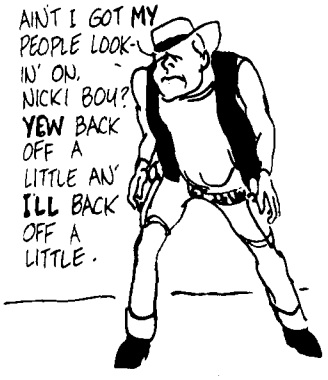
NOR ME OF YOURN, NICKI BOY. I GOT ME A STRONG **SECOND** STRIKE CAPABILITY.

AN' I GOT ME THE UNSWERVABLE, INDESTRUCTIBLE, INEVITABLE TIDE O' HISTORY, JACKIE BOY. AN' I AINT JES' WHISTLIN' **PRAVDA**-

DON'T CROWD ME WITH IDEOLOGY, NICKI BOY. MAKE YOUR MOVE OR BACK OFF.

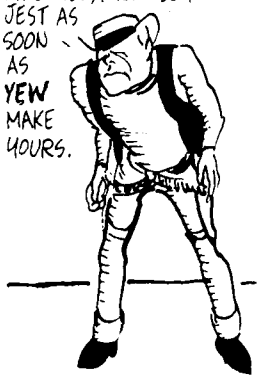
I GOT MY PEOPLE LOOKIN' ON, JACKIE BOY. **YEW** BACK OFF AN' N'EN **I'LL** BACK OFF-

AINT I GOT **MY** PEOPLE LOOKIN' ON, NICKI BOY? **YEW** BACK OFF A LITTLE AN' **I'LL** BACK OFF A LITTLE.



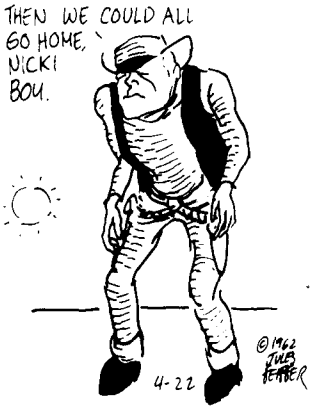
YEW FIRST, JACKIE BOY. EITHER WAY- MAKE YOUR MOVE-

LIKEWISE, NICKI BOY- JEST AS SOON AS **YEW** MAKE YOURS.



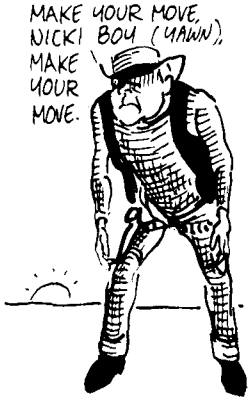
I SURE WISH **SOME-BODY** WOULD MAKE HIS MOVE, JACKIE BOY.

THEN WE COULD ALL GO HOME, NICKI BOY.



I'M WAITIN' ON YA, JACKIE BOY.

MAKE YOUR MOVE, NICKI BOY (YAWN), MAKE YOUR MOVE.



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African Literature, First Generation

by Robie Macauley

Young, full of conflicting feelings, and touchingly precarious, the new African literature is exactly like the new nations from which most of it springs. Born more from the whims than the necessities of history, both have the task of creating some individual identity out of a great mass of confusions. We generally expect a nation to establish itself in some kind of social form before it can produce a characteristic literature of its own, yet in Africa this may be somewhat the other way around. In this curious world in which the old rules of national emergence no longer apply, the young African writer, using the borrowed mediums of English or French, may be one of the best hopes toward forming a national consciousness. As Ulli Beier, the German author and editor who lives in Nigeria puts it, "In spite of some vigorous writing in Yoruba and Ibo, English is generally considered to be the most important medium of expression. The English language is considered to be one of the most important unifying forces in a country that is struggling to build a nation out of diverse traditional cultures."

The Africans themselves – and I am speaking chiefly of West Africa – tend to be self-critical and impatient of their own progress in writing. They speak of "the trickle of African writing" and "the one or two novels we have produced." Yet, to the outsider, there seems to be a surprising amount of talent and energy evident in the work of the past ten years or so. Nigeria has at least four fiction writers of considerable promise, Chinua Achebe, Cyprian Ekwensi, Amos Tutuola, and (though he was born in South Africa) Ezekiel Mphahlele; it has two very interesting dramatists in Wole Soyinka and John Pepper Clark; one Nigerian poet, Gabriel Okara, stands out from a number of others. Two promising Ghanaian novelists are William Conton and Cameron Duodu. Abioseh Nicol, in a dual role unheard-of elsewhere, is both the Principal of Fourah Bay College in Sierra Leone and a superb writer of short stories. Talented writers from various countries of French-speaking West Africa include Camara Laye, Mongo Beti, and Léopold Sédar Senghor. There are a number of well-produced and flourishing literary magazines: *Black Orpheus* and *Yoruba Poetry* from Nigeria, *Ɔkyame* (the backward "C" is correct) from Ghana, *Ibadan* and *Odu* from Nigeria and *Présence Africaine* (with both English and French editions) which originates in Paris, are general cultural reviews of high quality. All of this would seem to be quite a respectable beginning, coming as it does within one generation.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the contemporary African writer faces exceptional difficulties – in language, in form, and in psychological attitude toward his material. Writing in *Encounter*, Dan Jacobson, the white South African novelist, argues that African writers both white and black face the same problems. He says that the writer is "a member of a society that has no roots in the past, or no past at all; his present is altogether tawdry and thin, and morally and culturally debased; he . . . cannot write for an audience of his own people (there are simply not enough people to support him); he . . . is without distinctive ideas to energise his work. . . ." To which Ezekiel Mphahlele has, in effect, replied, "speak for yourself but not for me." Mphahlele sees the white African writer cut off and isolated within his own small society, but the black African has one paramount subject to explore:

> "For the African Negro the problem lies in the struggle to express the larger irony which is the meeting point between acceptance and rejection, once he has felt the impact of Western civilization, this problem is superimposed on the one of local political commitment. And for a long time to come, such ironies are going to provide him with literary material."

Of course one of the most direct ways of expressing "the larger irony which is the meeting point between acceptance and rejection" is through the self-examination process of autobiography and there have been at least two extremely interesting books of this kind, Mphahlele's *Down Second Avenue* and Camara Laye's *The African Child*. The first is a description of a gifted child's growing up in a dismal South African slum town. The various miseries of poverty and oppression are familiar, yet seen from the inside through the quick and accurate eye of the child, they have a rare sense of absolute reality. The great contrast is between the narrator, who must either escape or die and his neighbors who, resilient and enduring, can stay on and scratch out a kind of life for themselves. The story of Laye's childhood in Guinée is idyllic in comparison. The son of a prosperous village smith who worked both iron and gold, he grew up in a calm and leisurely world that had not yet felt the winds of change. At the end of the book, however, the boy is chosen to go off to France on a scholarship and another life is about to begin.

That violent transition experienced by every educated African from the relatively changeless world of only yesterday to the frustrating complications of the present is the theme of Chinua

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by Louis J. Halle,
former adviser on American foreign policy in the U.S. State Department

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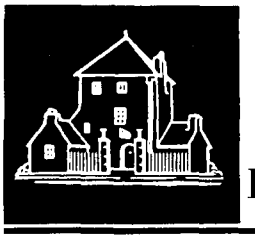
Achebe's two novels, *Things Fall Apart* and *No Longer at Ease*. The first is the story of Okonkwo, a village strong man, who represents with vigor the traditional values of the Ibo clan society at the end of the last century. He meets his downfall in resisting the arrival of white authority and white religion. *No Longer at Ease* is the second chapter of this African Everyman story. Obi Okonkwo, a "been-to" (one who has been abroad) returns to Nigeria after schooling in England. His clansmen of the Umuofia Progressive Union have paid his expenses and they expect great things of him in the civil service. As Obi says, "Education for service, not for white-collar jobs. With our great country on the threshold of independence, we need men who are prepared to serve her well and truly." But Obi is inevitably brought to ruin by temptation and luxury. He begins to take graft in order to solve his financial problems and in the end he is caught. While the grandfather's tragedy is one of futile resistance, Achebe seems to be saying, the grandson's is one of futile acceptance. The two novels are an almost classic exploitation of that "larger irony" Mphahlele notes.

Camara Laye's novel, *The Radiance of the King*, is a curious treatment of somewhat the same themes – but in reverse. It is, perhaps, a kind of prophetic story. While Obi Okonkwo is shown trying and failing to become a part of the new Africa of the 1950s, Laye's white hero Clarence is shown trying to become African in what might be thought of as the multiracial society of the future. As Janheinz Jahn says, "He is thrown exactly into that position in which many Africans find themselves in the European world. He has to conform. And thus he becomes gradually initiated. The whole book can be considered a lesson in African wisdom." Clarence goes through the painful process of shedding his prejudices and false European values until at last, Laye indicates, he learns to become humble and human in the African sense. American readers will be reminded of a certain corresponding theme in Saul Bellow's *Henderson the Rain King*, yet the big difference is that Laye is talking about a situation with the aspect of reality, not an Edgar Rice Burroughs Africa.

While many of the African writers have found their subjects in the ironies of sudden change, there are still a number who have tried to work with the older material of traditional African societies. Here there is a curious difference between French-speaking Africans and those who speak English. In the French colonial view, the African had to be entirely remade into a black Frenchman – and only then could he be understood. Consequently, in French Africa the traditional society and culture was thoroughly uprooted. The British were more tolerant or more careless and permitted a great deal of it to continue. The extent to which Africans absorbed the French attitude is exemplified by the remark attributed to Senghor when Sekou Touré took Guinée out of the French Union in



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1958: "Poor Sekou! He'll never walk down the Champs Élysées again." The only important intellectual magazine of French Africa, *Présence Africaine*, has always maintained its presence firmly on the left bank in Paris. The result is that the African writers in French have had to invent a past for themselves, a kind of mystique which they called *négritude* (though the concept was actually formulated by a poet from Martinique, Aimé Césaire). Very crudely put, *négritude* means: "Western values are artificial, material, and inhuman; there is a greater power in the African blood."

Even though most educated English-speaking West Africans have become quite anglicized and look down on "folk" art, several gifted writers have defied the prejudice and have found their sources in the abundant oral traditions of poetry, myth, folktales, and proverbs. The first of these was Amos Tutuola (*The Palm-Wine Drinkard* and *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*). Recast by Tutuola, the traditional Yoruba myths and tall tales have a quality of freshness and vitality – when taken in moderation. Tutuola's books, finally, go on a little too long and are a little too much of the same repeated. Nevertheless, Tutuola set a valuable precedent in the new Nigerian literature.

Two subsequent writers, the Nigerian playwrights Wole Soyinko and John Pepper Clark, have made use of the traditional culture more artfully. Soyinko is both an adept writer of comedy (*The Lion and the Jewel* and *Brother Jethro*) and a symbolic dramatist of considerable power. Probably his best play thus far is *A Dance of the Forest*, which was written for the Nigerian Independence celebration and which won an *Encounter* prize. The plot concerns a nameless community, symbolizing Nigeria, as it prepares for "a gathering of the tribes," which symbolizes Independence. The people decide to conjure up some of their illustrious dead as witnesses – a great past argues a great future, they think. But when a dead man and dead woman appear before them, they are shocked and disillusioned to the point of wanting to bury them again. But the dead ancestors will not agree – they demand to have a chance to now live out their own uncompleted lives. The living people must then go through the experience of facing their own past and so, by the employment of the African idea of reincarnation, they are shown themselves as they once existed in the court of a mediaeval tyrant, Mata Karibu. The play goes on to a more elaborate symbolism that eventually prepares for a new vision of the future quite shorn of the past.

In contrast with this magic and allegorical kind of drama, John Pepper Clark's *Song of a Goat* is just what the title indicates so openly. Clark has done an impressive job of making his subject matter – tragedy in the family of Zifa, a fisherman and pilot who lives at one of the Niger estuaries – synthesize with the Greek tragic form. Disaster overtakes the family when a young man is persuaded to sleep with the wife of his impotent elder brother. The quality of the free verse dialogue supports this seemingly odd conjunction of form and matter. The neighbor (chorus) describes Zifa, stunned by the suicide of his brother, wandering by the sea and shouting a reply to a steamer's whistle:

> Zifa seemed to start out of his sleep: Blow
> Blow, sirens, blow he bellowed as in reply,
> And blow till your hooting drown
> The moaning of the sea. No blow
> Will be stronger, The owls, he said, that should
> Hoot at night have this afternoon blown down
> His house as they have the ancestral hall
> Open in the market place. And the stall there
> That should crowd with voices are filled now
> Not even with the buzz of houseflies. All
> Are fled, fled, and left behind
> Bats to show their beards by day.

Clark is one of the very few African writers who has thought at all about form or who has tried to adapt traditional African life to a deliberate literary form – and this is one of the most fascinating things about *Song of a Goat*. At first one is likely to be jolted by the thought of Sophocles in a poor African village on the banks of the Niger, but Clark very quickly convinces his reader (and, I should guess, his

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spectator) that it is *not* a gimmick and that, in its strange way, this is an inspired combination.

In trying to point out a few of the major motifs in the new African writing, I have had no chance to indicate its variety – the suave humor in Abioseh Nicol's stories and the ribald humor in Mongo Beti's last novel *Mission to Kala*, or the irony of Ezekiel Mphahlele's short stories in *The Living and the Dead*, or the spirit of Senghor's poetry, or the kind of political ideas one finds in such novels as Conton's *The African*, or many other things. All in all, this generation of African writers has been keen in its portrayal of both the dilemmas and the hopes of its changing world – and nothing in that spate of reportage on Africa to be found in any bookstore can begin to compare with its insight.

Bernard Shaw on Ireland

by Gerald Weales

Dan H. Laurence, who has been usefully occupied the last few years bringing together the uncollected writings of Bernard Shaw, has been joined by David H. Greene, Synge's biographer and one of the busiest American experts on Irish literature (they are working out of a Gaelic stronghold up at NYU), in editing the third volume of the Hill and Wang series of uncollected Shaw. Because of the obstreperous self-hypnosis of the Irish, particularly of the American Irish (all of whom come from Liverpool and Glasgow, according to Shaw), the Irish troubles, as they are almost always called, have been magnified far beyond their minuscule place in the history of the last century. Petty internal squabbles, personality clashes, endless quibbles over small points are embellished lovingly and thrust at the unwilling by-stander (who cannot help remembering that Belfast is closer to Cork, actually and spiritually, than San Francisco is to New Orleans) with a meticulous enthusiasm that is only equalled by the preoccupation with office politics among the editorial personnel of New York magazines. Ironically, this puffing up of all things Irish has been helped along by the existence of a handful of bonafide Irish literary geniuses (Yeats, Synge, Joyce, O'Casey) who have often used Ireland as their material.

The Matter with Ireland
by Bernard Shaw
(Hill and Wang; $5)

It is Shaw, of course, who makes this volume possible at all. Although he is deeply concerned with Irish problems and their possible solutions, he is happily never taken in by the romantic hogwash that, in his words, allowed "every Don Quixote in Europe and America" to make "a Dulcinea of Kathleen ni Houlihan and the Dark Rosaleen." Common sense is what he brings to his comments on Ireland, mixed with the familiar Shavian turn of phrase that on closer look becomes an idea overturned, the wit that shares space with sledgehammer irony. Yet, there is inescapable truth in his remark, in a 1919 lecture, that Ireland "is an extraordinarily dull subject."

Part of the difficulty lies in the pieces that make up this volume. Aside from excerpts from the prefaces to *Immaturity* and *John Bull's Other Island*, the collection consists of articles and letters published, some unsigned, in English, Irish and American newspapers and magazines. Except for a few of them – a travel piece, some remarks on Wilde – the articles are partisan journalism brought on by a particular situation (the introduction of a Home Rule Bill, the Easter Rebellion, the Casement trial, etc.) and each of them gives Shaw an occasion not only to examine the special situation, but to restate his own belief that Ireland's best hope was to be part of a British Federation.

I recommend, for pleasure, a very funny interview from *The New York Sun*, in which Shaw wrote both the questions and answers, and, for prophetic intelligence, an analysis of Irish nationalism (in a book review written in 1888) that tells us, by analogy, nearly as much about what is going on today in Africa as the ordinary news report does.

Paul Blanshard wants to know . . .

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ART

The Art Books of Spring

As often in the past, two firms are tied for sheer sumptuousness in the art book field this spring: Skira with *Treasures of the Vatican* ($27.50) and the New York Graphic Society with a volume in its UNESCO series, *Bulgaria, Medieval Wall Paintings* ($18).

The Vatican volume has an introduction by Deoclecio Redig De Campos, curator of Medieval and Modern Art in the Pontifical Museums and Galleries of the Vatican, and a text in art and history by Maurizio Calvesi of the University of Rome. The essay by Professor De Campos performs the useful job of tracing, through the different galleries of the Vatican, the changing conception of art museums over the last several centuries. Professor Calvesi does somewhat the same thing for art and particularly for the relationship between art and religion. The heart of the text, however, is a piece by piece analysis of the great works commissioned or acquired by the Vatican in the old days when the Church was profoundly interested in art. Text and illustrations make it abundantly clear that the Renaissance artistic flowering was also, oddly enough in view of the contemporary Church history, a flowering of Christianity. That marvellously poised and prolonged moment of the Renaissance was an intensely Christian achievement. The last chapters show, not explicitly, the destruction of the whole by the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation, each in its own way. A most useful feature of the book is the employment, in color, of art in its Vatican locations rather than isolated.

Bulgaria carries on the fine tradition of its series. The paintings reproduced in large size and in beautiful color are from the 13th to the late 15th Centuries, the period, that is, of the last days of the Byzantine Empire. As with other Byzantine religious painting reproduced in earlier volumes of this series, the Bulgarian work shows clearly its Greek variant on the Roman development of the original Greek heritage. Within this common Byzantine look, however, appears a new note. The faces more than the forms reveal a great inner urgency, as if the characters, some of them at least, were involved in great psychic turmoil. There is an unexpected reference to Russia, not the Russia of the ikons but the Russia of Dostoevsky.

The season has brought the reissue of two well-known books in the field of modern art: George Flanagan's *Understand and Enjoy Modern Art* (Crowell; $7.95) was naïve and temporally provincial when it came out in 1951; it is not less so now that it has been brought up to date. As a primer, it has its uses, but the underlying attitude of the present moment as the pinnacle of art is stuffy and offensive.

On the other hand, John Rewald's *The History of Impressionism* (The Museum of Modern Art; $20) was a masterpiece of art history when it first appeared. The revised and enlarged edition is an enhancement of old excellence. Art, biography, history and aesthetics are fused into the single fascinating adventure of a singularly aware scholar exploring the growth of one of the great art achievements of our time.

The small-size art book field, after brief neglect, has been reactivated by a number of houses. Abrams has a new small series, happily free of an overall title, hard-bound but pocket size, of monographs. At hand are *Kandinsky, Braque* and *Chagall,* all by Marcel Brion, and *Cranach,* by Pierre Descargues. Each book has around 35 color plates, fairly successfully integrated with the essay. There are no bibliographies, but the writing is informed and intelligent.

Hawthorne has begun publication of another small-format, one-book-one-artist, "The Complete Library of World Art." Ignoring the present insistence on color, the series uses color only on the dust-jacket. Inside, black and white photographs rehearse the entire known production of, so far, *Leonardo da Vinci* and *Pieter Bruegel* ($3.95 each). Paintings are located and described and uncertain attributions are separately listed. A brief essay introduces and assays; there are bibliographies and selected criticisms. In short, the small books are aimed at students or the home reference shelf and, in their way, are a welcome change from the all-out productions more common nowadays.

New volumes in the small-size soft-covered "Art of the East Library" are: *Sotatsu, Hokusai,* and *Japanese Ceramics* (Crown; $1.45 each). As with other volumes in this now quite substantial series, these strike the eye as being of good-quality color and the mind as being modest, serviceable introductions to an art most of us in this country still understand too little.

For the past several years, books of art criticism have meant simply the collected thoughts of avant-garde rhetoricians. It is a pleasure to report the appearance in hard covers of pieces by two more conventional critics, men who believe in looking at a painting for its meaning and who believe strongly in English grammar. *Toward Reality*

Notes on Contributors

Irving Howe's *book on William Faulkner has just been reissued by Vintage Books.* Stanley Moss *is the author of a forthcoming book of poems,* Gods and Guests. Joseph B. Wheelwright *is a San Francisco psychiatrist.* Cushing Strout *is Associate Professor of History at the California Institute of Technology.* H. S. Bailey, Jr., *is director of the Princeton University Press.* J. M. Edelstein *is on the staff of the Library of Congress.* M. M. duPont *has published two volumes of poems.* Frank Freidel *is at work on a biography of F. D. Roosevelt, of which three volumes have already appeared.* Delmore Schwartz's *newest book is* Successful Love. Staughton Lynd *is on the faculty of Spelman College.* Frank J. Warnke *has recently published a study of metaphysical poetry.* Robie Macauley *is editor of* The Kenyon Review. Gerald Weales *is the author of a novel,* Tale for the Bluebird. W. J. Smith *is poet-in-residence at Williams College.*

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(Knopf; $4) presents the essays of the English critic John Berger of the *New Statesman*; *Embattled Critic* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy; $4.50) does the same for John Canaday of the *New York Times*. The latter takes its title from the celebrated attack on Mr. Canaday led by the rhetoricians, the more public aspects of which are included in the appendix. Both men look closely, describe accurately and think reasonably and in this field these are greater virtues than you might expect.

Frank Getlein

MOVIES

A Novel Transcribed on Film

James Leo Herlihy's novel *All Fall Down*, which has now been filmed, is a superior example of the American breed of adolescent fiction out of Sherwood Anderson by Salinger. The book fulfills sensitively the obligations of the form: discovery of the self in the universe, first love, first sex; but it goes past most similar books to deal with the monstrous neurosis of an older brother and the muted frustrations and sorrows of the narrator's parents.

All Fall Down
(M-G-M)

The story, which is told mainly by the teen-age Clint, concerns his father and mother, Ralph and Annabelle, and himself, and the relation of all three of them with the older son, Berry-berry. The latter is a handsome vagabond who lives by his wits and his magnetism for women, who comes home on a visit, nearly falls in love with a girl named Echo O'Brien, and makes her pregnant. Echo, realizing that he can never really love her or in fact anybody, kills herself. Clint, who has an adolescent crush on her and has overheard her last talk with Berry-berry, almost kills his brother. In the crisis Clint discovers that Berry-berry's glamorous wandering life, studded with women, is based on a hyperdeveloped Oedipal feeling, on a "hatred" of Annabelle that has driven him to hate and hurt all women. By this discovery Clint is freed of bondage to his older brother, freed of imitation of his anarchy. Berry-berry continues to wander and unravel; Clint is going to have a healthy life.

The film, adapted by William Inge and directed by John Frankenheimer, is, in large part, a delicate and moving transcription. All the scenes in the Willart home are done with fluency and a truth that is more than veracity of detail, that projects contradictions of character and the piteous inability to communicate within the four walls of one home. Father and mother and two sons seem to us lonely and, to some degree, lovable, and each is imprisoned by the malformations and impositions of ego. We think: "If only they knew each other as well as we know them. If only they could speak to each other as clearly as they speak to us." This, of course, is a considerable tribute to all the artists concerned.

When the film leaves the Willart home to explore Berry-berry's life, it loses its texture and forsakes truth for fake realism. The scenes in the Florida jail, in strip-joints and bars, with avid lonesome women, are full of movie hand-me-downs: sweat, dark glasses, cruelly frank lighting, sordidness drooled over and treasured. These scenes have not been invented by the film-makers; they are all in the novel – in fact, there are others that have been omitted from the film. (For examples, Clint's first sexual experience and the fact that his brother is marketing whores.) But Inge's screenplay takes these elements out of the oblique, out of Clint's romanticized view of them, and puts them in the foreground in the same plane with the other elements of the story. In the novel they are glimpses of harsh reality we get through Clint's immature eyes; in the film they have been yanked forward and exploited in a commonplace sensational way. Understandably, Inge and Frankenheimer wanted to dramatize important elements, rather than narrate them; but it might have been possible to do it through Clint's perspective rather than M. Spillane's.

Still, the forced hot-house steaminess of those scenes cannot obliterate the moving, exasperating honesty of all else in the film. There is even a split in Frankenheimer's direction; the striving for effect in the "tough" scenes is dropped for simplicity and sympathy in the scenes with the family and Echo. The dialogue – mostly Herlihy's – is pithy and nuttily idiomatic, the acting, with one single exception, is extraordinarily good.

The key performance is Angela Lansbury's as Annabelle. It can best be described with the grocer's lines about his wife in Shaw's *Getting Married:*

> "She's a born wife and mother. That's why my children all ran away from home. . . . She's a sensitive, affectionate, anxious soul; and she was never brought up to know what freedom is to some people. You see, family life is all the life she knows: she's like a bird born in a cage, that would die if you let it loose in the woods."

Miss Lansbury paints a brilliant tragi-

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comic portrait of a mother who does all the right things – with disastrous results.

Karl Malden, who is acquiring restraint and, with it, some depth, makes a touching failure of the father – financially secure but inwardly dissatisfied, adoring of his sons but baffled by them, understanding of his wife but shackled by her. Eva Marie Saint is lovely and Fitzgeraldian as the (to Clint) wildly glamorous Echo, who has waited a long time to give herself to a man, makes her bet, and then – by her own code – pays when she loses.

Warren Beatty, whose two previous film appearances were at best promising, fares much better with the restless bored Berry-berry, who is bedeviled by his ostensible hatred of his mother, and is seduced by his powers of seduction. Physically, Beatty has the requisite magnetism; emotionally, he has the coiled-snake tension of black lower-middle-class frustration. What he needs now, as actor, is to develop a more reliable voice, with a wider range.

The one weakness in the cast is Brandon de Wilde, as Clint. De Wilde has, inevitably, lost the precociousness he had as a child actor in *The Member of the Wedding* and has not replaced it with basic credibility or even ease, let alone any indications of talent or technique. He is a pleasant, fresh youth, not much more.

Herlihy's novel, although it resolved finally to the same matter of Berry-berry's atypically extreme neurosis, was always moving because it was always essentially Clint's story. The film, by becoming equally Berry-berry's story, becomes partially clinical and at times makes us spectators instead of participants. Nevertheless its home scenes convey forcefully the sense of family life's affection and destruction, of both prison and the lost paradise.

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Disputes Within the Species

Sirs:

Louis Halle in his "Is War Obsolete?" (April 2) compared man's mode of carrying on intra-specific disputes to that of some of the lower vertebrates. He should have mentioned that shrews resolve their differences by approaching to within a few inches and screaming until one or the other relinquishes the point. They are at the same time efficient predators on rodents larger than themselves, thanks to their voracious nature and a poison in their saliva.

Charles Jonkel
Whitefish, Montana

No Win in Vietnam

Sirs:

Your lead note on "No Win in Vietnam" (*NR*, April 9), was a laudable effort to inject new thinking into our singularly unimaginative policy in Southeast Asia. However, your hopes for a diplomatic *demarche* leading to a neutral zone in Indo-China seem to ignore the realities of power in that area.

While it is true that the Soviets have chosen a policy of restraint in the past, a prolonged stalemate in Central Europe or the growing schism with China might easily dictate a more militant thrust on a strategic periphery. Furthermore, Ho Chi-Minh and his colleagues still have compelling reasons, rooted in national sentiment and ambition, as well as economics, for pursuing total power in Indo-China. The political collapse of the Diem regime and the impasse in Laos present Hanoi and its Soviet sponsors with an opportunity for maximum gain at minimum risk.

An "Austrian solution" would not only fail to restrain North Vietnam, but would contradict the Soviet attempt to construct a reliable counter-point to Chinese expansion in Southeast Asia.

I suggest that the only alternative to full retreat is a last radical attempt to

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reorder the political life of the successor states on the basis of a leadership committed to social revolution in the context of a jealous nationalism. This means, of course, the rapid replacement of Diem and Nosavan by the men who fit this formula.

Roger Paul Morris
Harvard University

Ink for Jack

Sirs:

During the 1960 Presidential Campaign, John F. Kennedy said that by issuing an Executive Order, President Eisenhower could have ended discrimination in housing "with a stroke of his pen." Well, President Kennedy has been in office over a year now and he still hasn't stroked that pen.

Obviously, the White House has run out of ink. Therefore, I urge all of your readers to join the Ink for Jack campaign and send a bottle of ink to the White House. Let's get that Presidential pen stroking again.

Mary Schilling
New York City

Kauffmann's Criticism

Sirs:

My letter is a long overdue one of thanks for your film critic. Stanley Kauffmann seems to me the most interesting and thoughtful of the critics now writing regularly for any of the magazines. Recently, as I went through my file of film articles, I also discovered that Kauffmann's work stands the test of time as writing.

I don't mean to imply that I share Kauffmann's enthusiasms for particular films or his complaints about others. But there's no need to haggle. Too many film critics seem intent on disagreement for what I can only call personal definition: see how brilliant *I* am.

Regarding Antonioni, I think Kauffmann's article on *The Night* and the achievement of its director is one of the finest commentaries I've read on a single film. Kauffmann has taken the difficult step beyond a close seeing of the film and suggested how Antonioni is extending the possibilities of the film medium.

I look forward to the time when Stanley Kauffmann publishes the best of his articles in a book.

Richard S. Fuller
Philadelphia, Penna.

A Bit of Birchery

Sirs:

I wish to voice my objection to an advertisement appearing in recent issues under the misleading form: "UN Window-Bumper Sticker." Having written to Liberaids, Northfield, Illinois, for such a sticker I find it is a Birch Society stunt. The envelope in which it arrived had slogans such as "Get the US out," and "Ours is a Republic, not a Democracy – Let's keep it that way," printed on it. The sticker itself stated: "Get the US out of the UN and the UN out of the US." I wish you might bring this to attention.

R. S. Dorsey
Assonet, Mass.

Attacks in Angola

Sirs:

A brief footnote to Daniel M. Friedenberg's discussion (April 2) of the Selvage and Lee pamphlet, "On the Morning of March 15." The undoubtedly savage attacks shown in this pamphlet turn out to be rather fewer than the number of photographs would indicate. At least three of the incidents were shown twice from different angles, one of them three times. Closer study might reveal further duplication, but I fear that would take a stronger stomach than I have.

Patricia C. Wohlgemuth
New York, N. Y.

Who Needs Educating?

Sirs:

Gerald Johnson comes close to the truth in "Who Needs Educating?" (April 2) the Pentagon or the recalled Reservists. From the President's *sympatico* statement, "Life is Unfair," on down to the lowest levels of command, no official involved in the recall appears to believe that the Reservists are in any way essential to the national defense. Meanwhile, the myth of their "readiness" is peddled to an apathetic public.

Mark Van Dusen
New York City

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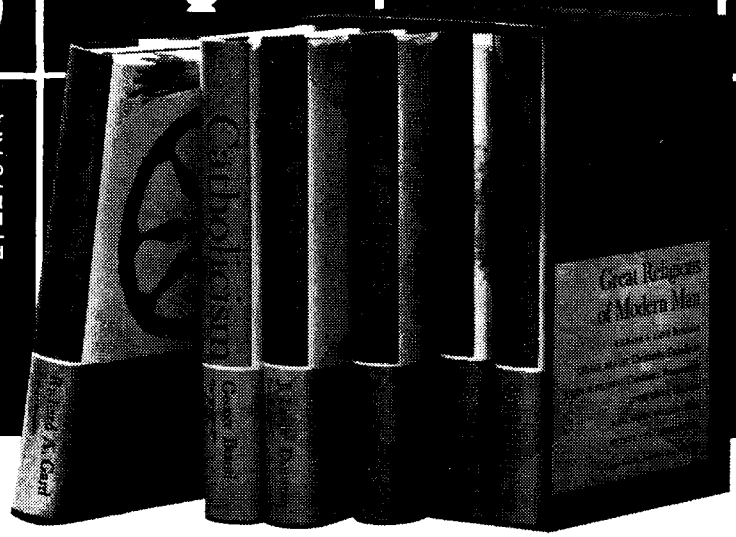

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